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DC June 21, 1962 25¢

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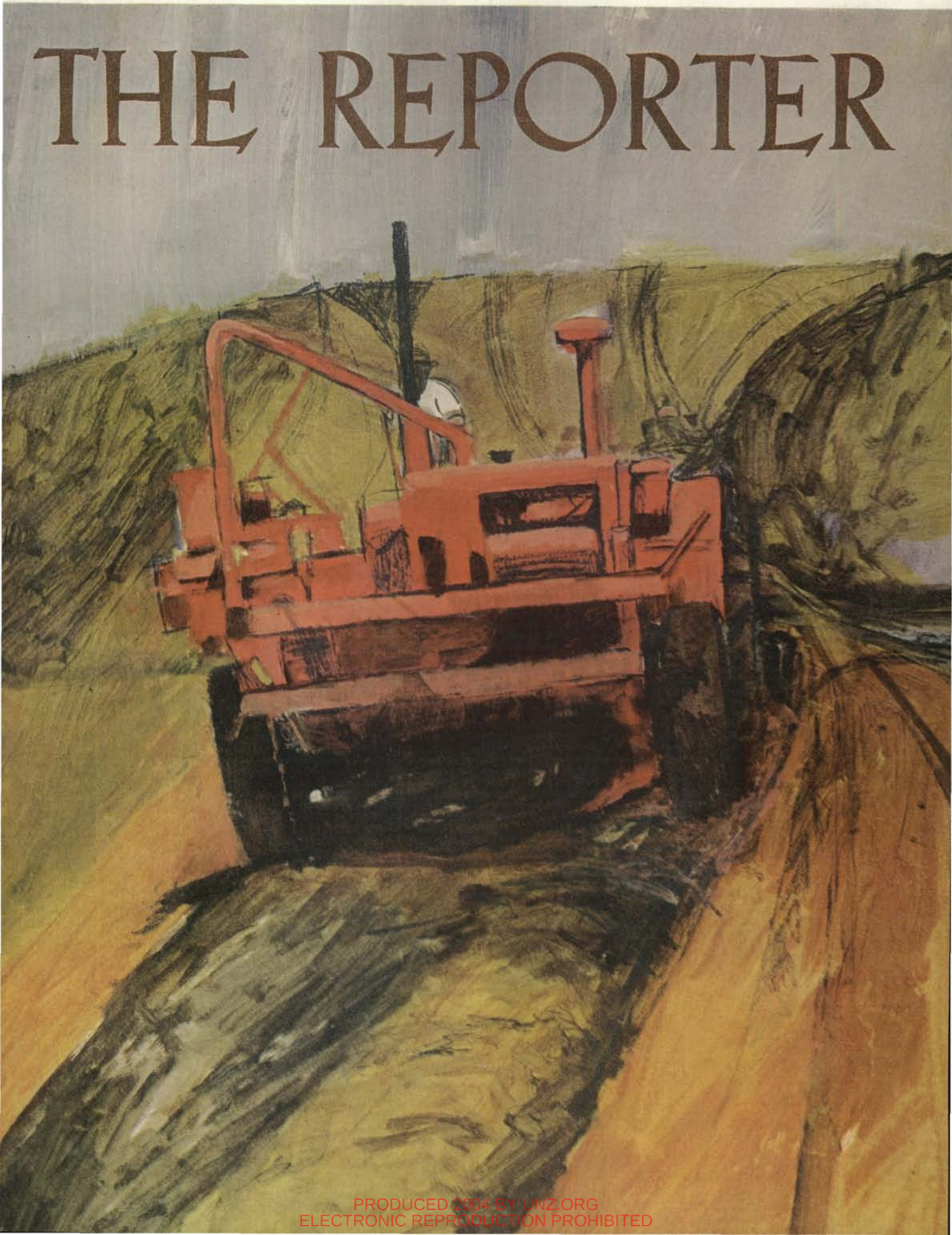
THE REPORTER



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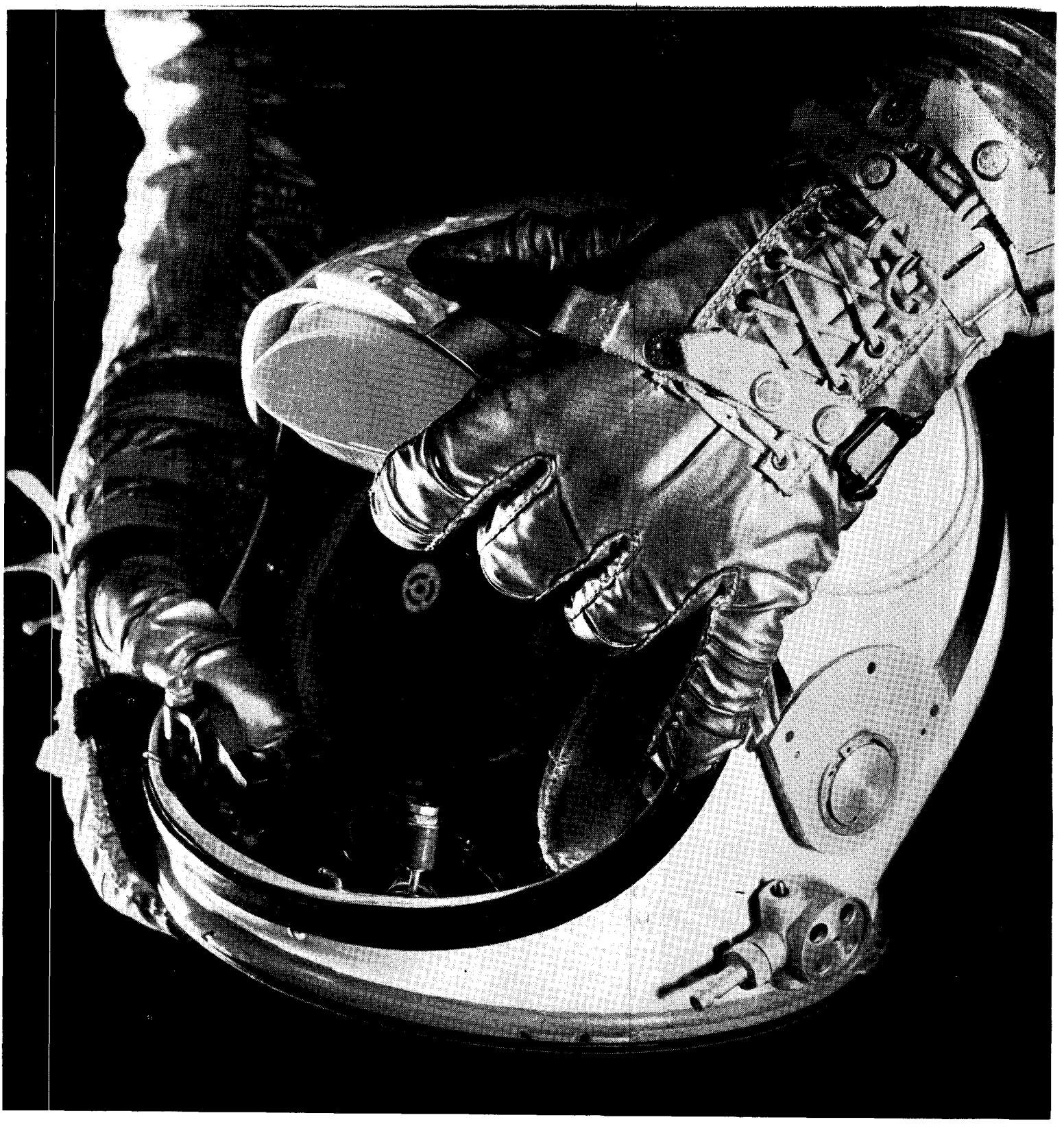

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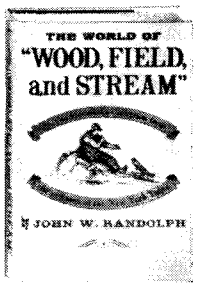

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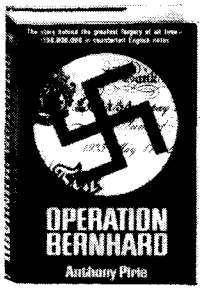

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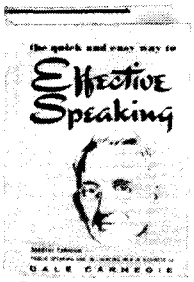

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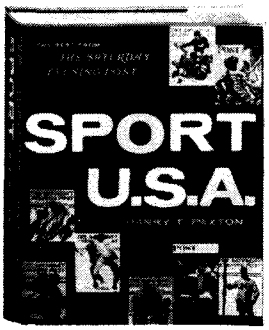

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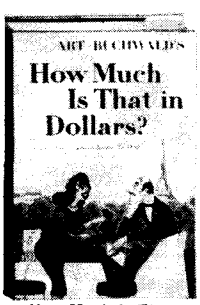

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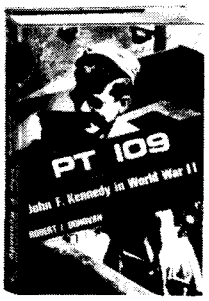

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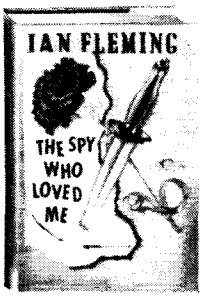

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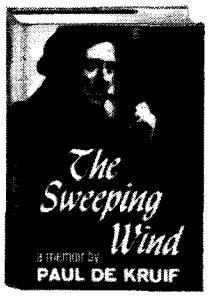

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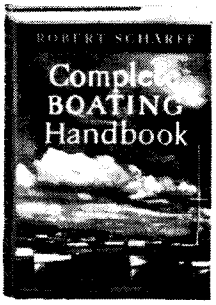

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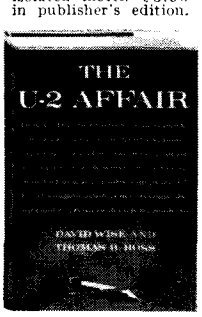

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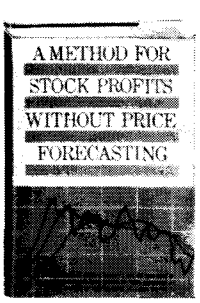

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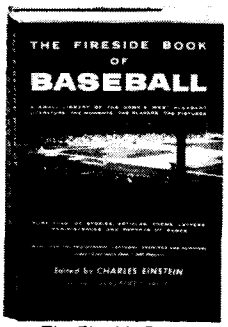

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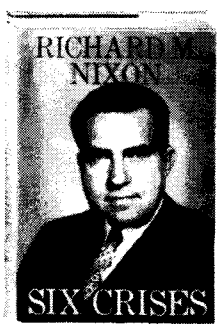

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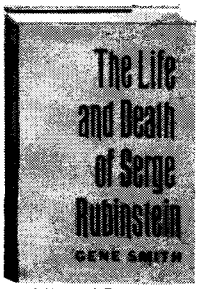

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THE REPORTER, June 21, 1962, Volume 26, No. 13. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by the The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

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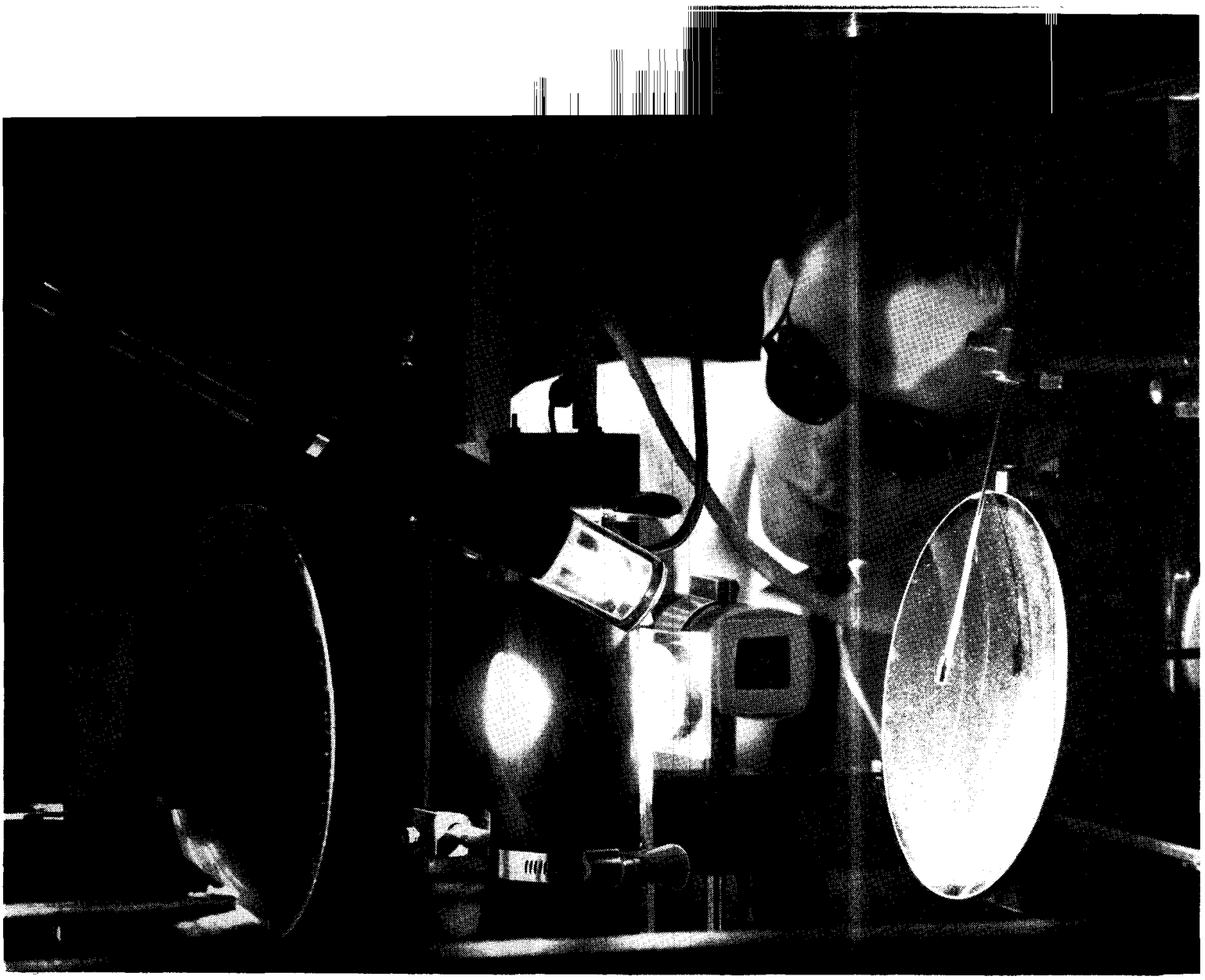

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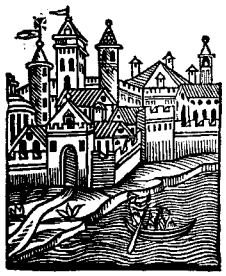

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Abba Eban, whose article "The Eichmann Trial in Retrospect" appears in this issue, is now back in Israel as minister of education and culture and president of the Weizmann Institute of Science. We say "back," since for a long time Mr. Eban was in our country as ambassador in Washington and head of the Israeli delegation to the U.N. He came to be considered here one of the most prominent of foreign diplomats, in spite of the fact that the country he represented is a very small one. One episode in Mr. Eban's career over here will always be remembered by those who saw and heard his stirring, Churchillian defense of his country before the General Assembly on November 1, 1956, at the time of the Suez crisis. . . . That something is wrong, or at least not quite right, with the economy of our country we are reminded nearly every day by the newspapers, particularly when wild oscillations in the stock market make banner headlines. For a change, the most authoritative economists working for the government or for science at large do not seem to be in agreement as to the causes. Yet there are a few basic facts about which most knowledgeable people do agree. One of these has to do with the wage and price policy of the administration, which means the way of equitably sharing between business and labor the benefits coming from the increased rate of productivity. During the campaign there was a great deal of talk about moving ahead and increasing productivity. Since this increase has been much less than was hoped for, the quarrel over what should go to whom has become singularly bitter. By trying to be nice to everybody—with the exception, for seventy-two hours, of Mr. Blough, who asked for it—the administration may be running the danger of further reducing the rate of growth, and so the nasty circle goes. **A. H. Raskin** has exceptional knowledge of labor and management. He was for a long time chief labor writer for the New York *Times*, where he is now a member of the editorial board.

When the miners of Oviedo, Spain, came out on strike in April, it did not appear at first that anything more than a wage claim was at stake. In the months since then, however, the strikes have become widespread, demands have increased, and the Franco régime has felt some jitters. For the first time, there is talk of replacing Franco while he is still alive instead of waiting for him to die. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, writes from Madrid of what seem to be the major difficulties that face the Caudillo in the twenty-third year of his rule. . . . The Soviet Union's oil exports amount to no more than three per cent of total world exports, but their effect on the market is a cause for some concern, since Russia uses oil exports for aggressive political purposes. **Leon M. Herman** is a senior analyst with the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress. . . . Sidney Sanders McMath had the distinction of being the youngest governor Arkansas ever had when he was elected in 1948. Unfortunately he introduced Orval Faubus to state politics, but ever since Faubus first revealed himself for what he is, McMath has been outspokenly and undeviatingly against him. This summer he will run against him in the Democratic primary on July 31. **Tom Dearmore,** who is with the *Baxter Gazette* of Mountain Home, Arkansas, reports that Faubus may be in for a bitter fight. . . . **Julius Duscha** of the Washington *Post* analyzes the manipulations of Billie Sol Estes in the context of the farm program itself.

Peter Matthiessen's most recent book is *The Cloud Forest* (Viking). In the fall he will publish *Under the Mountain Wall* (also Viking), which is based on the Harvard-Peabody expedition to New Guinea. . . . **Fred Grunfeld,** an American free-lance writer now living in Europe, writes about Igor Stravinsky, who is as much of a rebel at the age of eighty as he was fifty years ago, when the audience rioted at the first performance of his *Sacre du Printemps*. . . . **Tim Reynolds** is a free-lance writer. . . . **Jay Jacobs's** artwork (which, modestly, he usually identifies only with a rather large "J") has appeared in *The Reporter* for many years. In this issue Mr. Jacobs goes a few fast rounds with New York's Museum of Modern Art. . . . **Adam Ulam** reviews Milovan Djilas's *Conversations with Stalin*. Mr. Ulam is the author of *The Unfinished Revolution*, an essay on the sources of influence of Marxism and Communism (Random House). . . . **Nat Hentoff** writes about the jazz musician Charlie Parker. . . . **James T. McCartin** is a free-lance writer.

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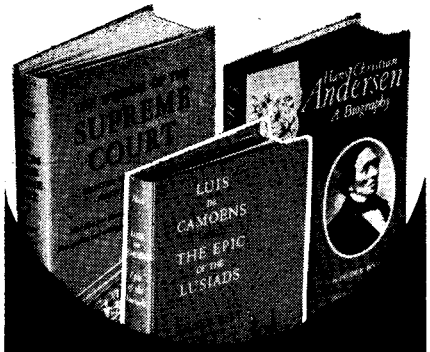

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POLITICS AND TRADE

To the Editor: Your editorial in the May 24 issue, "Our Ancient Firsts," is an incisive treatment of our general economic problems as they relate to the European Common Market. That the Common Market has been successful and that its very basis is grounded in an American tradition are indicative of our own potential growth. Maintaining a competitive economy with the Common Market is decidedly a prerequisite for playing a significant role in international trade and politics. But this should be only a prelude to a grander scheme of U.S. membership in the Common Market itself.

The political implications are obvious. It would increase our own everyday contact with our allies, thus strengthening our relationships, and present to the Communist world a most formidable economic challenge. The economic justification for such a plan lies in the theory of comparative advantage and reallocation of resources. Disintegrating trade barriers would allow the purchase of a product at its lowest possible price. This would mean that the country that produces at lowest cost gets the business, indicating to the other countries that they must more advantageously allocate their land, labor, and capital.

Perhaps this would be the most desirable condition for discouraging the Roger Bloughs from throwing monkey wrenches into our economic system.

GERALD SILVERBERG
Englewood, New Jersey

REALISTIC NIGHTMARE

To the Editor: Having just read Meg Greenfield's "Seattle Settlement: A Cold War Nightmare" (*The Reporter*, May 24), I can only say that I hope—no, I pray—that it is read thoroughly and thoughtfully by a great many people. What is so utterly chilling about the whole thing is that she has brilliantly woven the fabric of her article from the current cant of radical Right, radical Left, and dismayed Center. One might almost say that it was a collage of lines from representative newspapers and representative voices. It does something that only the best satire can do—it calls into question received opinion and makes an appeal for sanity.

JAMES WADE
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield's nightmare is devastating to the smallest detail. It might even generate some sympathetic nightmares among policymakers. It is unfortunate, however, that she failed to note the firm military stand taken by the President. It should be recalled that within a few days of the first major invasion of Seattle (leading to the neutralization), Marines were landed in Oregon, where they pitched camp along the Columbia and defiantly announced that they would not cross the river.

RICHARD W. MILLER
Washington, D.C.

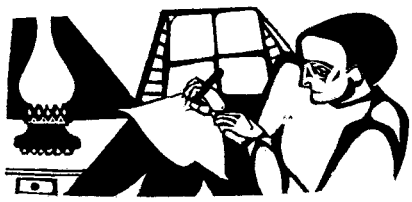
To the Editor: I wish to express my appreciation for "The Seattle Settlement." It is the best piece of political commentary that I have seen for years. I dare not call it political satire, for it is too close to actual events.

ROBERT WAELDER, PH.D.
Haverford, Pennsylvania

CARS FOR CITIES

To the Editor: Al Newman's "Small Cars for Big Cities" (*The Reporter*, May 24) may induce a few readers of *The Reporter* to buy city-size cars, but it doesn't do very much for the over-all problem, which is how to persuade Detroit to let some air out of its tin cans.

Most cars in the United States are taxed on the basis of empty weight or horsepower. While this may be logical



for state governments, where heavy cars hurtle down their roads at high speeds, it is meaningless for cities. Cities seldom give cars scope to use their maximum horsepower, while the weight of a private car has little effect on a city street.

We should be much more concerned about the valuable roadway and parking space swallowed by the metal monsters. The most logical licensing system would be a graduated charge for square feet of street used. Since the length and width of a car are fixed, unlike horsepower or weight, and listed in the specifications, it would take only a few seconds to consult a table to determine the proper license fee.

LEWIS J. GRANT, JR.
Chicago

To the Editor: Mr. Newman's review of the New York International Automobile Show was quite interesting. Contrary to the last paragraph, however, the electric-powered small car "laden with batteries which you plug in overnight" does exist. In fact, TVA has had one for about a year. Called the Henney Kilowatt, it was produced by the Henney Motor Division of the Eureka Williams Corporation, Bloomington, Illinois. Actually it is a Renault chassis and body, with the engine replaced by an electric motor and the remaining engine and

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trunk spaces filled with batteries. While the cost of electricity to charge the batteries is quite reasonable, the relatively short life and high replacement cost of the batteries would seem to make the car uneconomical at present.

WILLIAM E. DEAN, JR.
Chief, Research Staff
Tennessee Valley Authority
Chattanooga, Tennessee

SENIOR CITIZENS

To the Editor: Congratulations to *The Reporter* and Maya Pines for a concise and lucid article on a complex issue—"A Place for the Aged" (*The Reporter*, May 10). Three aspects touched upon need to be underscored. (1) Some part of the problem arises from a mistaken view of the aged which assumes that medical and rehabilitative services are of no value for the very old. Long-term care facilities with recreational and rehabilitation programs have demonstrated that something can be done for virtually everyone. (2) Our problem is not lack of knowledge but of delay in applying knowledge—in closing the gap in what we know and should practice with reference to a problem that has grown with exceptional speed. (3) American society itself must share the responsibility for the kind of care the aged are currently receiving.

We should hold every nursing home responsible for giving the best care possible with the resources available and at reasonable prices. But we should not blame nursing homes for the acute shortages of trained personnel for staffing of health-care facilities. Neither should we blame them when state and local welfare departments allow sums so meager as to preclude the kind of care we should provide. Passage of measures to increase the supply of professionally and technically trained personnel in all health fields and measures to finance medical care through Social Security would do much to correct the present shameful situation.

America has the knowledge and resources to meet the challenge of aging. Under the leadership of President Kennedy and Secretary Ribicoff, we are getting the determination to provide the services that will indeed fulfill the Biblical injunction to "Honor thy father and thy mother."

DONALD P. KENT
Special Assistant for Aging
Department of Health,
Education and Welfare
Washington, D. C.

PUZZLE

To the Editor: The absence of the Reporter Puzzle from the June 7 issue does not, I trust, mean its continued disappearance. It is a delightful puzzle, none the worse for an occasional lapse of its compiler, and I do hope you will not give it up.

WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS
Farmington, Connecticut

Editor's Note: See page 43.

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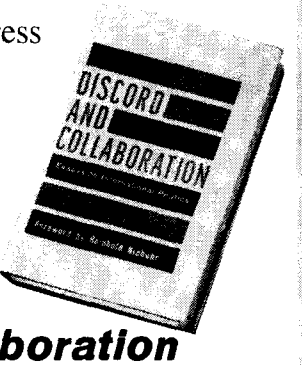

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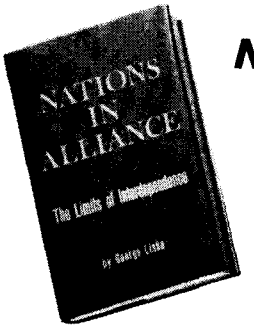

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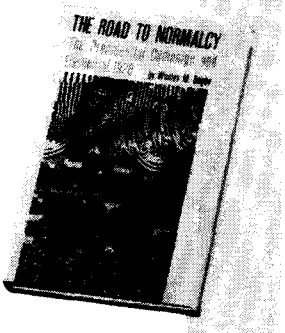

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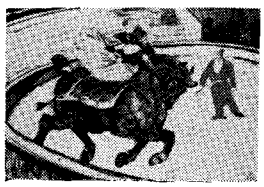

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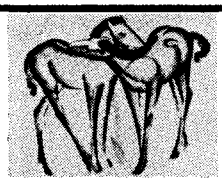

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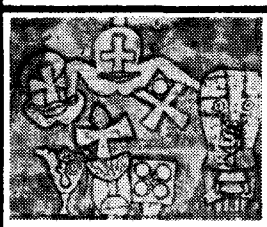

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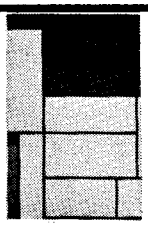

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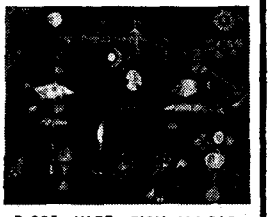

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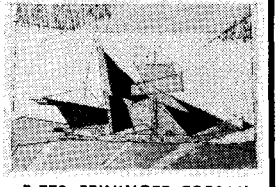

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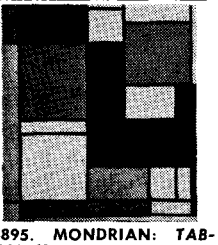

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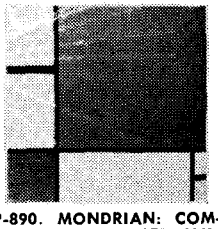

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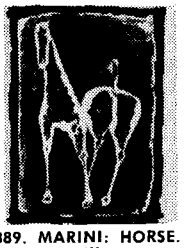

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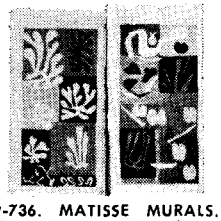

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Eichmann Trial

HONORED as we are to publish the article by Abba Eban on the Eichmann trial, we cannot avoid commenting on the substance of the article itself. Mr. Eban's eloquent presentation of his country's case is an appeal to the judgment of free men, for it can truly be said that in the Eichmann case the State of Israel has acted as a self-appointed agent for the conscience of mankind.

Two years ago, writing just before the execution of Caryl Chessman, we expressed our opposition to capital punishment. Our belief on this subject has not changed in the slightest. As we said then, once society has done its best to erase the crime through the judicial process, the convicted criminal should never be denied, as long as his natural life lasts, the chance to redeem himself.

And yet we must admit it: everything connected with the case of Adolf Eichmann—the methodical butchery of six million human beings, his trial in a foreign country for violation of a law that no human society had enacted, for no human society could possibly foresee such a magnitude of evil—everything related to that crime and to that punishment gives us the sickening feeling that our deepest beliefs in justice have been made somewhat irrelevant. It is as if the whole train of events had happened on the outer bounds of reason where all our ideas about good and evil seem to be affected by a sort of weightlessness.

Martin Buber has said that while he had "no arguments against the trial itself" he deplored the hanging as inadequate to deal with people like Eichmann, "who have radically removed themselves from the human sphere" and have "transposed themselves into a sphere of monstrous inhumanity." German philosophers have quite a knack for discovering "spheres" beyond the human realm and then moving like heavy-footed angels to explore them. But the greatest of the German philosophers, Immanuel Kant, knew better: he never indulged in any misty chit-chat about spheres, and brought his powerful mind to mark forever the boundaries beyond which reason and human criteria stop working.

No matter how much this whole case makes us sick in our hearts and in our minds, we cannot escape in philosophical clouds. We must stick to this side of reason if we want to judge the whole inconceivable thing, from the punctilious extermination of six million Jews, over which Adolf Eichmann presided, to his last gasp.

Once Israeli agents had come to know where that wretched man was peacefully living, what could they do? True, they could have shot him as the Italian partisans did to Mussolini. But without the public solemnity of the judicial trial, it would have been just a case of murder in a suburb of Buenos Aires. Could Israel have shopped around for a court somewhere that would handle the disposal job? Could it have brought the Eichmann case to the United Nations, thereby arousing a great debate in the Security Council or in the Assembly, complete with Russian veto and Arab lobbying?

Israel proclaimed its own jurisdiction, set up its own laws, and started a trial designed to offer the most meticulous semblance of justice. The crime, or rather the mass of crimes of which Eichmann had been the conscious and deliberate instrument, was re-enacted in great detail—though not completely, for a case-by-case recital of the six million murders could not possibly have been provided or borne by any tribunal. Israel honored Eichmann by treating him as if he had been just a criminal: it gave him the traditional rights of counsel and self-defense that are inherent in the liturgy of the criminal trial. Then the inevitable killing finally took place.

The Israeli government had its

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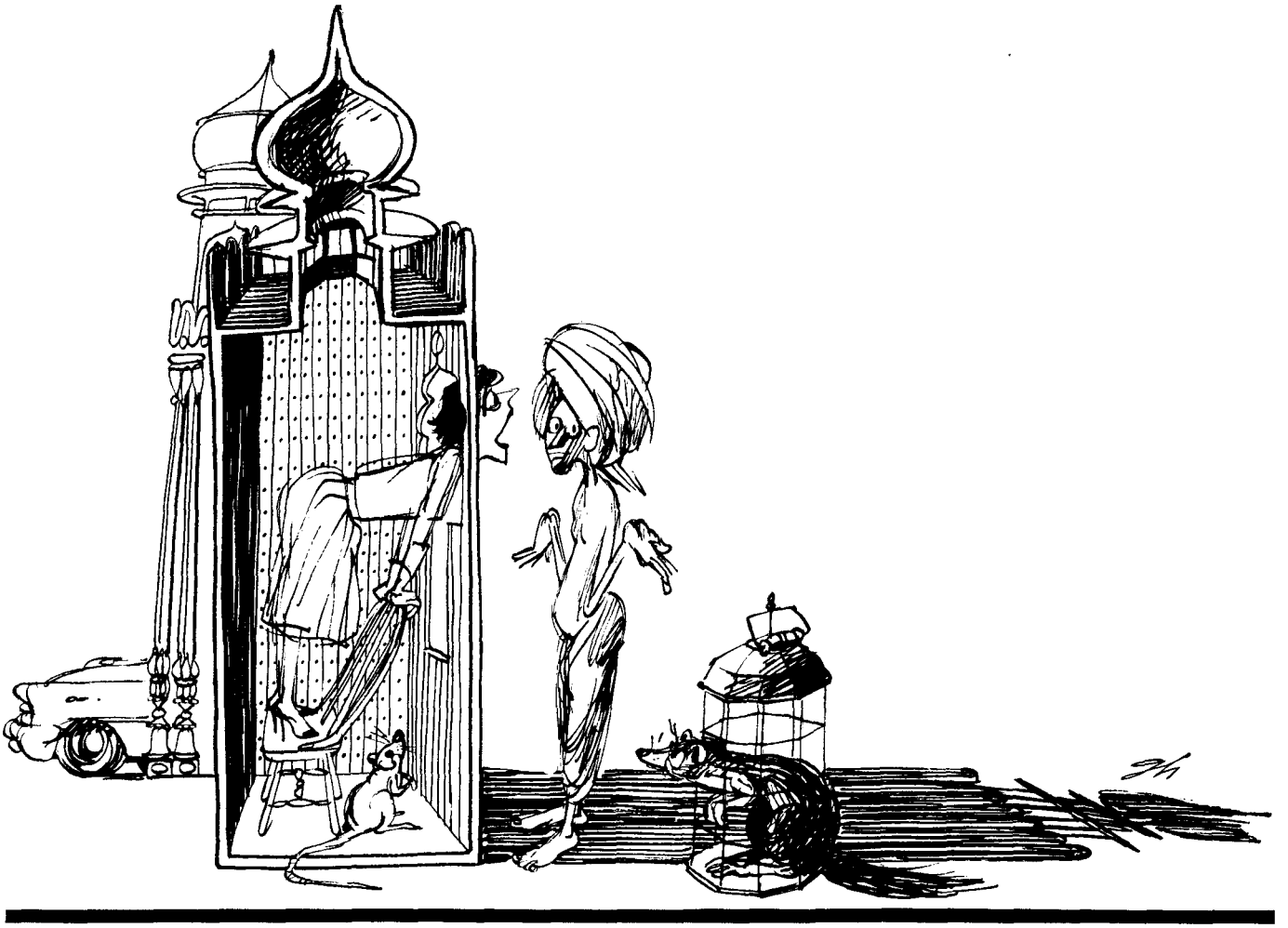

WHO'LL LET THE MONGOOSE LOOSE WHEN THERE'S A MOUSE IN THE HOUSE?

Imagine, please, a tranquil Indian Summer morning in New Delhi. You're at your office in the city—an American earning your living in a foreign country. Your wife is planning her day back at the house. Suddenly she hears the patter of little feet —four of them—and a little grey intruder scurries across the living room.

Aieeee! Time to call the man with the mongoose—nature's most efficient mousetrap.

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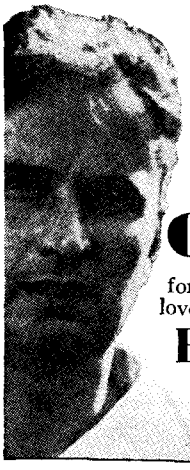

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own nationalistic reasons in summoning to Israel the memory of those six million creatures who had been murdered only for the crime of being Jews, or considered as Jews. Yet, with the appalling punishment they have endured throughout the long months of the trial, the Israelis have once more suffered for the rest of mankind. A trial should end with a catharsis. But there can be no catharsis, ever, out of that faithful, gigantic semblance of a trial. The torturing memory of those months will long remain with the Israelis—possibly forever, for it has become part of the history of a people that has never allowed itself and has never been allowed to forget its history. Come Passover, every year they still re-enact the Escape from Egypt.

And what about the rest of civilized mankind? Have we learned anything, or will we learn anything? What has come to be called genocide has been practiced, and could be practiced again, by nations that, unlike Germany, have not acquired a new, humane political order. The cult of ideologies that still demand the utter subordination of man in the mass is still the law in many lands. Will we learn the lesson of Israel and not forget Katyn? Will we see to it that an order ultimately prevails in the world where men and women and children are not sacrificed for the verification of some unchallengeable conception of destiny or of a set timetable of history? Until we do, six million Jewish martyrs will never rest in peace, and our children will never know peace.

—M.A.

Little Brother

The marks of the venerable past were everywhere in the old New England town, but as delegates to the convention poured in from all over the state the air was sharp with the smell of an uncharted, uncertain future. Should they give their nomination—the highest honor they had to bestow—to one whose famous name could not fully conceal, even in the eyes of his supporters, his lack of experience in the heavy business of public service? Moreover, the ambitious candidate's two older brothers already seemed to hold in their hands just about as much influence in the affairs of the nation as any one family in American history—not excluding the Adamses—had ever enjoyed at one time. Wouldn't the third brother be just one more than the people could find it in their hearts to accept? Wouldn't the convention's decision be disputed in a bitter, disruptive primary fight? And what useful purpose would that battle serve, since the youngest brother's opponent—well liked and held in high esteem by all factions—did not differ on any important points of ideology? There was, of course, the wrath of the two older brothers to be feared if the delegates should reject the famous name they bore.

The choice was a frightful one. But finally, after much oratory and careful pondering, the delegates at the Connecticut Republican State Convention gave their gubernatorial nomination to John Alsop, the younger brother of Joseph and Stewart.

White House Humor

A series of perhaps unrelated incidents in recent weeks makes us wonder about the kind of humor that seems to be fashionable in the White House. According to a Washington dispatch in the New York *Times*, one reason for the irritation that brought about the recall of West German Ambassador Grewe was that "He lacks a sense of humor and had seriously reported home some comments that had been made to him in jest." What happened, it seems, was that at a White House meeting some time ago Grewe raised the old question of working out compensation for German assets in this country that were seized by the U.S. government during the Second World War. The President reportedly replied that maybe the United States could find a way to settle the war assets if the German government would help out with the United Nations bond financing.

It was obviously a fanciful linkage of two issues that, in their different ways and times, have caused ulcers in Washington and Bonn. The White House version is that Kennedy was spoofing and that Grewe refused to drop the matter even after this was subsequently made clear to him. The German version is that if it was a spoof, Secretary Rusk, who was pres-

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ent, was also fooled and discussed the proposition quite seriously at the meeting. Afterward, however, when the item did not appear on the protocol of the meeting, the department recording officer said that he had not taken the discussion seriously.

It would have been preferable, the Germans claim, if Kennedy's suggestion, which they admit was purely tentative, had been withdrawn rather than treated as a joke. After all, an ambassador is not paid to be a straight man on a comedy team.

Apparently others also don't always know when to take the President seriously. Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, for example, went to considerable lengths to explain why the White House had canceled its twenty-two subscriptions to the New York *Herald Tribune*. Then came one of those "Random Notes" in the New York *Times* reporting that the cancellation had "not only jarred but surprised President Kennedy . . ." According to the *Times*, the President had expressed "considerable irritation" at certain stories in the *Tribune* and "intimated he did not see any point in reading it." But blame for the cancellation belonged to "eager aides [who] took him literally and thought they knew what had to be done."

It all goes to show that even the President has to be careful when he makes a joke. When Mr. Kennedy attended the Alfalfa Club dinner in Washington last year, he is said to have remarked that he thought his brother Robert had needed a little experience before entering legal practice, and so that was why he sent him over to the Justice Department. Afterward, the Attorney General approached his brother and complained that the remark wasn't very funny. The President replied that in politics it was helpful to make fun of oneself. To which Bobby replied, "Yes, but you weren't making fun of yourself. You were making fun of me."

A Matter of Definition

Whatever else you may say about the government of South Africa, it is living proof of the old maxim that hope springs eternal. Although there are over four times as many colored people as white in the country, the government, no doubt discerning a certain trend elsewhere on the continent, is undertaking a program to achieve "approximate equalization" of the races within forty years. At the present time the score is 12,773,000 to 3,067,000 against them. With a handicap like that, it is no wonder that the Afrikaners are mobilizing all their resources from money to armed force for the great game ahead. And, as is customary in Pretoria, semantics has a part to play too. Not long ago, to suit the convenience of the government, a new definition of the words "white" and "colored" was proposed in South Africa. This time, it seems to us, the Afrikaners have outdone themselves. While new white settlers are being advertised for, old colored tribespeople are being deported, and semanticists the world over will be interested to learn that the presently departing Mashona tribespeople are on their way out of South Africa because the government has defined them as "foreign natives."

VINYLIZED

"Atomic Sportswear Co., an outerwear maker specializing in young men's clothing, is offering for the fall a knee-length 'Reno' coat of shiny black vinyl, adorned by two brass rings at chest level. Elliott Schneiderman, president of Atomic, explains that the rings were inspired by similar attachments on old-time Army field jackets for hanging hand grenades."

—Wall Street Journal

It's nice to know the young will be
Accoutered henceforth suitably,
Prepared, in need, to hang the things
(Now fissionable) from those rings.
Rejoice, who suffered from the Beat.
To see the young, though brutal, neat.

—SEC

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The Eichmann Trial In Retrospect

ABBA EBAN

"He who cannot remember the past is doomed to repeat it."
—George Santayana

JERUSALEM

ON A WINTER DAY in 1944 the head of an industrial concern in Berlin calmly signed the following letter to Gestapo headquarters:

"Following our verbal discussion regarding the delivery of equipment of simple construction for the burning of bodies, we are submitting plans for our perfected cremation ovens which operate with coal and which have hitherto given full satisfaction.

"We suggest two crematoria furnaces for the building planned, but we advise you to make further inquiries to make sure that two ovens will be sufficient for your requirements.

"We guarantee the effectiveness of the cremation ovens as well as their durability, the use of the best material and our faultless workmanship.

"Heil Hitler!
C. H. KORI"

There was good reason for the writer's complacent mood. The places in which "full satisfaction" had been given included Dachau and Lublin, where "the best material and faultless workmanship" had efficiently converted the bodies of men, women, and children into piles of anonymous powdered ash. Why should not the Kori Corporation now receive the Belgrade business? Competition, however, was keen. The I. A. Topf Corporation was showing great technical ingenuity, as is clear from its terse note of February 12, 1943, to the "Central Contruction Office of the S.S. and Police at Auschwitz":

"Subject: Crematoria 2 and 3 for the Camp

"We acknowledge receipt of your order for five triple furnaces, including two electric elevators for raising the corpses and one emergency elevator. A practical installation for stoking coal was also ordered and one for transporting ashes."

THESE DOCUMENTS, produced at the Nuremberg trials of Nazi war criminals and at the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem, are excellently typed. There was, of course, an adequate number of carbon copies for the files. One can imagine the respectable industrialists going off to their clubs in a fine glow of patriotic duty and commercial enterprise.

But there was no point in cremation furnaces without the human fuel. Not far away in his Berlin office Adolf Eichmann was signing a briefer document. It was a telegram to his emissaries in occupied countries. It read simply: "Children's transports can get under way." The reference was to children who no longer had parents with whom to embark on the journey to Auschwitz for collective gassing. Even these presented problems. The Jerusalem court sat transfixed in silent horror as Attorney-General Hausner unfolded the story: "You will hear evidence of tender infants pressed by their mothers to their bodies in the gas chambers so that they were not immediately poisoned, until the executioners came and threw them alive into the furnaces."

This was standard practice. But a special routine was now necessary to organize the asphyxiation of Jewish children who had no parents to accompany them. How this worked in occupied France was factually described at the Jerusalem trial.

"The children would arrive at the Drancy Camp packed in busses guarded by policemen . . . On the

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arrival of the busses they would begin to remove the children and lead them in groups to the halls, the older ones holding the hands of the smaller children; or carrying them in their arms. They did not weep, the children; they walked terrified, disciplined, miserable, and complied with the orders like a flock of sheep, one helping the other. . . .

"On the day of deportation, they would be wakened at five o'clock in the morning. Irritable, half asleep, most of the children would refuse to get up and go down to the courtyard. The volunteer women would have to urge them, gently, patiently and so tragically, so as to convince the older children that they must obey orders and vacate the halls. On a number of occasions the entreaties did not help. The children cried and refused to leave their mattresses. The gendarmes would then enter the halls and pick up the children in their arms as they screamed with fear, struggling and grasping at each other. The halls were like a madhouse; the scene was too terible for even the hardest of men to bear.

"In the courtyard, they would call out the names of the children one by one, mark them off in the register, and direct them to the busses. When a bus filled up it would leave the camp with its cargo. Since many of the children remained unidentified and others would not answer to their correct or assumed names, they would include them in the convoy to make up the number.

"Each convoy consisted of about five hundred children and five hundred adults chosen from the camp prisoners. Within a period of about three weeks, during the second half of August and the first part of September, 1943, four thousand children, thus made into orphans, were transported in this fashion to be exterminated with adult strangers.

"Hauptsturmführer Roethke was present at these transports and would inspect personally the parading of the children, the roll call, and the loading into the busses."

If You Were a Jew . . .

The people of Israel are the sons, the daughters, the brothers, the sisters, the fathers, the mothers of the millions whose agony was reenacted during the twelve months of the Eichmann trial. The procedures at every stage were marked by careful decorum and high legal scholarship. But behind the reserved procedures one could see the marching ghosts.

If you were a Jew in Europe during those years, and if Adolf Eichmann knew of your existence, your fate was inexorable. You would be rounded up with your family in Amsterdam or Paris, in Belgrade or Venice, in Budapest or Brussels, in Warsaw or Kiev. You would be put on a train for Auschwitz or Treblinka, and then either lined up naked with hundreds of others behind your neat pile of clothes while German soldiers shot you in the neck on the edge of a huge ditch or else herded into a shower room for

mass asphyxiation. Your hair would be shorn beforehand, your gold fillings taken afterwards, your ashes used for fertilizer. You could be useful to the German war economy. Today the capital cities and villages of Europe contain ghostlike streets with their communal buildings, synagogues, and schools in which the bustle and laughter of living men, women, and children were choked by the grim ukase issuing from the sinister office in Berlin where Adolf Eichmann pored meticulously over his files, before affixing the most macabre signatures ever inscribed by mortal hand.

All this happened in recent memory. Anybody alive today over the age of thirty-five is in some way a part of this experience. For we belong to the unique generation that committed or suffered or failed to prevent these things. In each of the three contingencies we have a direct relationship to the drama. The theme of the Jerusalem courtroom was the unending tension between the sublime attributes of man's nature and his unlimited capacity to distort the human image. And in this conflict our generation has lived the moment of man's darkest defeat.

Some would have preferred not to evoke the past. Does not the tormented human imagination deserve respite from the assault of such memories? There are people of impeccable sincerity who advocate this oblivion. Mr. Victor Gollancz, for example, has written that "The sooner we forget the cruelties of the past, the better."

After millions of years of evolution, a species emerges on this planet endowed with the gift of memory and articulation. Man is the only animal able to transmit experience. And the transmission of experience is the central core of education and moral progress. Memory is the father of conscience. The issue is whether we should wipe from the tablets of memory the most vivid evidence of the consequences flowing from chauvinism, racial discrimination, and inhumanity.

The question must be answered in the name of the future, not of the past. Man is the only animal that has ever shown a tendency to destroy its own species. He may now become the first and only creature to devastate its habitat. He cannot afford to ignore any experience that throws light on the social consequences of his nature. "The fundamental principle of all morality," wrote Jean-Jacques Rousseau, "is that man is a being naturally good, loving justice and order; that there is not any original perversity in the human heart and that the first movements of nature are always right."

A Sense of Helplessness

There may have been evidence for this outlook in the eighteenth century. It is less easy to reconcile it with the memory of ordinary men—tens of thousands of them—going calmly about their work of slaughter or writing solemn minutes in impeccable commercial jargon about the "satisfactory" attributes of machines for burning bodies. The

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human conscience needs an alarm bell, not a sleeping pill.

The first lesson of the trial takes us back to the moral torment of our age. The horrors of Nazism sprang from a society in which high standards of science and technology were fostered. We are reminded here of the fallacy of a technical rationalism uninhibited by moral restraint. Man has probed deeply into the spectacle of nature, but he stands baffled before the incalculabilities of his own character. He has exercised command over his external realm but seems impotent to control his inner domain. Thus the age of scientific triumph is the epoch of confusion. Man is conscious of his lack of inner and outer harmony, obsessed by a sense of helplessness before the forces generated by his own creative imagination. He looks gropingly into the past in the hope of finding a beam of light to illuminate his future.

The Oldest Dilemma

It is for this future, and for its sake alone, that the trial was held. Its lesson and counsel affect every layer of social experience. It teaches how discrimination, taking root in small beginnings, leads to vast and uncontrollable disaster. The outrages of Auschwitz and Treblinka could not have occurred had there not been tens of thousands of men who became accustomed to look at other men as though they were not human at all. A man cannot murder others in cold blood, he cannot dash a baby to the ground or fling children into a furnace, unless he is first convinced that they are not a part of his own humanity.

The trial asks urgent questions about the limits beyond which racial incitement cannot be tolerated. This is the oldest dilemma of liberalism. If a society is free and tolerant, must it even tolerate attacks on its own toleration? If a society can suppress pornography without ceasing to be free, why is it forbidden to establish some criterion whereby ideas fatal to social morality may be denied the sanction of law? The indulgence granted to Nazi doctrine in the 1930's before it reached irresistible proportions stands as an ominous warning against inertia and apathy. In the Weimar Republic this indulgence flowed from the doctrine that there is no limit to the free dissemination of opinion—not even the limit of decency and survival. On the international plane, it sheltered behind a doctrine of sovereignty applied with such rigid pedantry as to inhibit effective international intervention. In the postwar world, lesser outrages have fortunately evoked a much sharper and more insistent international reaction.

In the particular terms of Jewish history, the trial represented Israel's assertion of the dignity and equality of Jewish life. The few voices that were raised against the verdict had not questioned similar action when the allied governments inflicted condign penalties on men who had not been responsible for a small fraction of Eichmann's butchery. There has been an insidious, if unconscious, assumption across history that Jewish lives are not enclosed within the same framework of law and social morality as the lives of other peoples.

It was probably in response to this background that the Jerusalem courts took care to remain in the orbit of the Nuremburg jurispru-

dence and of the legal practice of other nations outraged by Nazi violence. To have done anything else would have been to convict the allied and resistance powers of excessive severity. In a world in which the capital penalty still exists and in which the precedents for penalizing racial massacre have been so clearly and recently demarcated, any other course would have been a rebellion against the established juridical standards. Israel was created in order to make Jewish history flow in harmony with the universal procession of law—and not outside its realm, as in all previous generations. It is true that the Jerusalem courts had a particular message to write. But there was no clean slate on which to write it. I can personally testify that some in the legislative and executive branches who are passionate opponents of capital punishment felt inexorably that this was not the area in which to commence the writing of new law.

Beyond Vengence or Expiation

The news of Eichmann's most active operation—the gassing and burning of Hungarian Jews—reached the free world in the summer of 1944. The spokesman of that world brandished an impotent fist at the distant murderer:

"Prime Minister [Churchill] to Foreign Secretary, 11 July 1944

"There is no doubt that this is probably the greatest and most horrible crime ever committed in the whole history of the world, and it has been done by scientific machinery by nominally civilized men in the name of a great State and one of the leading races of Europe. It is quite clear that all concerned in this crime who may fall into our hands, including the people who only obeyed orders by carrying out the butcheries, should be put to death after their association with the murders has been proved."

It is not a matter of vengeance. The children clutching each other's hands as they were herded into the slaughter chamber are beyond vengeance or expiation. The issue is whether the human society can be denied the ultimate right to banish from its midst those who massively violate its most sacred compassions. Beyond this issue is the question of whether we are safe against a renewal of the tragedy. We may become so if we save it from oblivion and deduce its lessons in the political, social, and educational domains.

THE RENAISSANCE artists portrayed the human soul as being drawn upward and downward by elements in its own nature. Both the upward and the downward pull can be discerned in the life of our times. It is still not certain how the tension will be ultimately resolved. The story of this dark and evil assault enters the memory of man as one of his weapons in the struggle for the vindication of his essential humanity.

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Mr. Kennedy's Guidelines—Are They Drawn Too Tight?

A. H. RASKIN

ONE UNFORESEEN RESULT of the three-day battle in which the White House compelled the steel industry to rescind its price increase is the extent to which the administration's concern has shifted from whether it could make voluntary wage-price restraints work in peacetime to whether it could prevent them from working too well. The President has not lost his sense of urgency about controlling inflation, but equal urgency is being applied to a discreet search for ways to restrain the restraints.

In the aftermath of what seemed a dramatic demonstration of the ability of an activist administration to protect the national welfare against the abuses of concentrated private economic power, the President, under pressures from both management and labor, now seems to be finding his own guidelines cramping his freedom of action.

This unwanted stringency could become a crippling brake on the economy in a period when the steam is running out of the industrial upturn, the stock market has undergone its wildest gyrations since 1929, and unemployment remains frozen at the highest level in any postwar recovery. The question now facing the administration is how to get back into an evolutionary framework a program that underwent revolutionary changes when it smashed aside the roadblock in steel.

THE PIVOTAL ELEMENT in the Kennedy policy is that price stability can best be maintained by gearing increases in wages to the annual increase in national productivity of roughly 2.5 to three per cent. There is nothing radically new about this concept. It was first embodied in collective bargaining by Charles E. Wilson when he was president of General Motors in 1948. The industrialist who later became President Eisenhower's Secretary of Defense considered this "progress sharing" formula a way to give workers a stake in expanding output, with beneficial results for investors and consumers as well. The notion that the productivity standard was a sound safeguard against the leapfrogging of wages and prices was equally an article of faith with Mr. Eisenhower and his Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell, but Ike's hands-off philosophy kept him from applying it except through preachment at his news conferences.

The New Frontier's attempt to hitch wages to productivity was different. Mr. Kennedy and his Council of Economic Advisers (CEA) stated, in much more explicit terms than any used by previous leaseholders at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, just what they felt a responsible wage-price policy ought to embody. They were at pains to stress that they did not envisage rigid controls of the type enforced by the old War Labor Board or the Office of Price Administration, but they left little obscurity about the standards they felt should guide private decision makers in the wage and price fields.

In its annual report to the President last January, the CEA recommended that the gain in national productivity be recognized as the "central guidepost" for wage settlements because any true rise in living standards must come out of higher yield per man-hour. However, in the interest of preserving a high degree of economic freedom at the bargaining table, the council provided room for the correction of inequities and even for changes in division of the economic pie between labor and capital. The CEA said there was "nothing immutable in fact or in justice" about the way the sales dollar was split. It saw no reason why unions and employers should not bargain about the distribution of income in their industries, provided they did not do it by picking the consumer's pocket. The approach was to ensure fluidity of wage and price movements in an economy that owes much of its dynamism to its diversity. There was even an acknowledgment that over-all price stability ought to be secondary to the achievement of full employment and full production.

All this left a comfortable margin

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for individual judgment—until the crackdown in steel. The steel industry has been the key battleground in industrial relations since the Second World War and the one in which the White House has intervened most regularly, whether under Democratic or Republican tenancy. But the storm engendered by this year's battle over steel prices has made it enormously difficult to administer the policy of wage and price restraints in other industries with anything like the flexibility the administration originally contemplated. The President has had to give earnest after earnest of his intention to be as firm in defending the public interest when he thinks a union has erred as he was when he berated the steel companies. Consequently, he can no longer avail himself of many of the byroads the Council of Economic Advisers provided to keep the quest for price stability from leading to industrial stagnation or a regimented economy.

He bluntly informed Walter P. Reuther's United Automobile Workers that "No financial sleight of hand can raise real wages and profits faster than productivity without defeating their own purpose through inflation." In an address a week earlier before the United States Chamber of Commerce, he tossed into the ashcan the notion that this was the right time to fight over whether labor or capital should get a bigger slice of the economic pie. He said such a fight could only weaken efforts to expand the economy and thus give everybody a bigger pie to share. He left the wage door open just wide enough to acknowledge that "Individual adjustments may have to be made to fit the previous patterns in individual industries." Otherwise, the administration formula was tied so closely to a reliance on productivity as the source of all wage improvement that it could be administered by a computer or slide rule.

Such rigidity would seem to nullify the CEA's declaration, in putting forward its guidelines, that government policies to promote price stability "must work to maintain and increase the freedom of the private economy, not to limit it." The question is whether the CEA was not itself the victim of an inherent contradiction in believing that the economy could be at once controlled and uncontrolled. Once rules are laid down for voluntary restraint, the danger is that they will have to be enforced.

The Productivity Straitjacket

The objections to a national wage policy based on productivity were stated with particular force, just before the CEA sent its report to the White House, by an independent group of experts designated by the Committee for Economic Development to evaluate the public interest in collective bargaining. Included among the panel's nine members were three public members of the President's own Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy—Clark Kerr, George W. Taylor, and David L. Cole, all veterans of wartime wage regulation. The study group held that a rigid formula would not work in peacetime and that it would not be a healthy thing for the economy if it did.

Not the least of the difficulties the panel foresaw was that the restraints would operate only in the "large and highly visible" negotiations conducted in the mass industries because these made the most dramatic targets for government intervention. This policy would leave untouched the industries that bargain on a local or regional basis, in which wage settlements often have a more substantial impact on the price level than those in such spotlighted fields as steel and autos. Notable in the group that regularly wriggles out of the productivity straitjacket are construction workers and truck drivers. Teamsters President James R. Hoffa, carrying his old feud with the brothers Kennedy into the wage-price field, has denounced the productivity guidelines and has instructed all his units to ignore them. This they are cheerfully doing. Much the same thing is happening in construction, even though the unions in that field are ardently pro-Kennedy on general issues. Strikes for increases double or triple those justified by productivity have been called in many cities.

The President, asked specifically about a walkout that halted building in forty-six northern California counties after the unions had turned down a three per cent productivity offer, said the government could not go "from city to city" to secure settlements embodying its formula. This leaves an incongruous gap in the anti-inflation front. The unions under most persistent White House pressure to exercise moderation are those which are constantly attacked as monopolies because they cover hundreds of thousands of workers in a single negotiation. Their bigness puts them under a check that is hardly applied at all to smaller but equally strategic unions, with the result that their wages go up at a substantially speedier clip. The same inequity governs prices. The slogan "As steel goes, so goes inflation" became so firmly implanted in the public consciousness in the postwar scramble of steel wages and prices that the administration turns to it as the touchstone of all stability. Yet the real upward movement in prices since 1958 has not been in steel or manufactured goods but in housing, transportation, medical care, and services outside the reach of the President's program.

A Ghost at the Table

The next big test for the wage program comes in the company-by-company negotiations this month and next covering 300,000 workers making missiles, planes, and spacecraft. The two big unions involved—Reuther's UAW and Al J. Hayes's International Association of Machinists—have formed a united front to seek an industry-wide layoff fund, higher wages, and other cost increases that would outrun productivity. The unions contend that aerospace wages and benefits have fallen eleven to sixteen cents an hour behind those in other industries because national military and space needs have compelled them to forgo the exercise of their right to strike.

The government has a special stake in these contract talks since it buys close to eighty-five per cent of the total product. The unions call the industry a "government enterprise run for private profit," and they have long criticized Uncle Sam for remaining a ghost at the bargaining tables while exerting life-and-death power over all the companies involved. For the President, the problem is complicated by the

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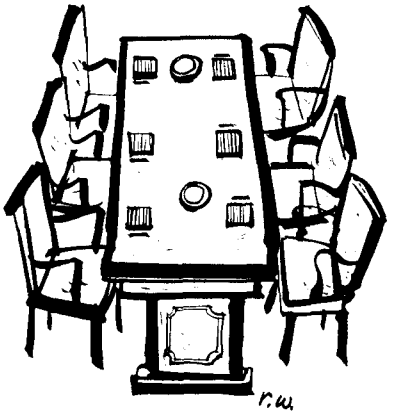
fact that the government will wind up paying most of the extra wage bill in higher prices.

The companies have urged the government to stay out of direct involvement in the negotiations and to avoid any pressure to force them into industry-wide bargaining. Without Federal help, the unions stand little chance of getting increases in excess of the productivity standard. If Mr. Kennedy heeds the union plea for catch-up wage increases, he will intensify charges from the business community that he is tipping the balance in labor's favor. After all, the catch-up idea got no White House sympathy when the steel producers advanced it.

That is not the end of the President's immediate labor worries. Strikes are threatened in railroads, airlines, and shipping, and the White House finds in each of these vital industries a differing manifestation of the complex intertwining of public and private power. The President also is beset by increasingly intense union demands for a thirty-five-hour week to relieve unemployment. The administration feels the sole result of reducing the present forty-hour standard would be to push up production costs and thus impair the competitive position of American goods in domestic and world markets. But its sound argument that this is a device for sharing the misery rather than expanding job opportunities is unlikely to still the clamor until we do a much better job of utilizing our idle manpower and facilities.

Another twist to the argument over labor policy has been provided by the Textile Workers Union, a minority union in an industry near the bottom of the wage ladder. The average textile wage of $1.68 an hour is seventy-one cents below the general factory average and just half the average in steel. The union is so weak that it has had to rely on appeals to the big unorganized mills in the South to raise wages as a means of bringing up standards in unionized companies. Now that the President has got into the wage act, the union says that if the White House is determined to restrain strong unions from pressing for too much, it should also push employers who offer too little.

This represents an effort to convert the three per cent wage "ceiling" into a floor for settlements—a tendency that is almost universal in union ranks. Most groups accept the formula as meaning that they are "entitled" to three per cent as a jumping-off point for negotiations and that the only limit on how much more they ought to get is how ingenious they are in calling attention to "inequities." No union ever has had to search hard to find reasons



for believing its wages ought to be higher. This inventiveness has become institutionalized by the necessity for giving lip service to the White House guidelines.

A Bigger Pie for Everybody

Employers view the productivity formula with general resentment. They feel the imperative need in today's economy is for a restoration of investment confidence through expanded profits. The key to faster economic growth and improved competitiveness, in their judgment, is supplied by capital put into more modern facilities. They have no relish for siphoning off a major share of the benefits of this investment in automatic wage increases.

This gets back to precisely the kind of argument the President was trying to avoid when he urged an end to the familiar debate over whether investors or workers should get a bigger slice of the pie. Under the President's formula, the relative shares would remain unchanged and the concentration would be on trying to bake a bigger pie.

This is a virtuous enough objective to enlist universal support. The disagreement is over whether the President's preoccupation with putting the brakes on wage and price movements is not having a deadening effect on the economy, instead of creating a more hospitable climate for expansion. Uncertainty is created on both sides of the negotiating table by worry over whether projected changes in prices or wages will invite White House censure and intervention.

To this has been added an insistent suggestion that the country can no longer afford big strikes. This suggestion is always made with appropriate obeisances to "free collective bargaining"—a practice to which the administration invariably accords all the reverence due "The Star Spangled Banner." The White House plan for warding off tie-ups would put so many new elements of government involvement into the bargaining process that Samuel Gompers would find it hard to recognize.

THE ESSENCE of the approach favored by Mr. Kennedy and his Secretary of Labor, Arthur Goldberg, is a much greater reliance on third parties—appointed directly by the parties or by government—to assist in the solution of the complex new problems raised by automation, foreign competition, and the exigencies of international politics. The conduct of labor-management relations would be revised to deemphasize crisis bargaining under the threat of a strike deadline. Instead, year-round discussions would be undertaken to foster basic amity and an improved understanding of mutual problems.

The Taft-Hartley machinery for preventing strikes that imperil the national health or safety would be changed to allow the President direct authority to halt a tie-up for eighty days without a court mandate. A Presidential board would be empowered to recommend peace terms, in line with the custom under the Railway Labor Act. Joseph Curran, the bellicose president of the National Maritime Union, accused his fellow AFL-CIO leaders of having signed labor's "death warrant" by supporting the proposed changes, but his apprehension is not widely shared. On the management side, of course, the proposals elicited less enthusiasm than plans for a study

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by the White House advisory committee of "union monopolies."

The most depressing aspect of the President's attempts to enlist more fruitful labor-management co-operation in battling inflation and stepping up economic growth is the quickness with which both groups revert to atavistic hostilities—against one another and against government telling either group how to run its affairs. Last month's White House Conference on National Economic Issues provided fresh evidence of how difficult it was to shake either side out of old conceptions.

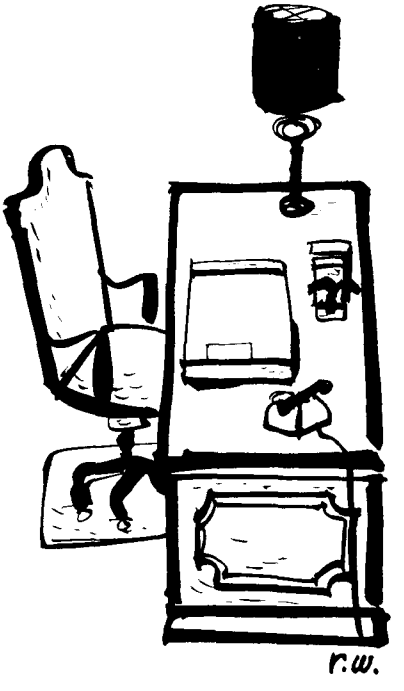
Perhaps the President might have gotten further with his plea for both sides to distinguish between "myth" and "reality" in their evaluation of economic issues if the administration had shown a greater disposition to make such a distinction in its own thinking. It makes no sense to pretend that what the administration is moving toward is free collective bargaining in any conventional sense. Nor does it make sense to suggest that the country's dominant problem is curbing strikes, which are at a near-record low, or clamping a lid on wage-price movements, which have exhibited more stability in the last four years than at any time in the last two decades.

Lower Taxes, More Spending

The real need, in words the President used frequently in the 1960 election campaign, is to get the economy moving again. At the moment, it may be far more important to stimulate increased demand than to worry about controlling inflation. For four months unemployment has been about 5.5 per cent of the work force, higher than in any recovery since V-J Day. Our steel mills are operating at less than sixty per cent of capacity, with a further drop expected in the third quarter. True, personal income is setting new records, but consumers are revealing their uncertainty about how soon the economy will start downhill again by saving much more than ever before. Industry's hesitancy about new capital investment indicates a similar malaise, aggravated by the hostility that flared up during the clash over steel prices. Business is conducting its own brand of sit-down strike against the White House.

In these circumstances, it may be that the propellant for a new upsurge must come from government through cuts in corporate and individual taxes, additional spurs to plant modernization and expansion, and a broadening of Federal aid for education, health, and public works. The President has indicated that he is a firm believer in the use of the government's budgetary and monetary policies as a means of keeping the economy in balance. But he seems to have all but immobilized himself by his earnest efforts to please everybody, with the result that while he has been rhetorically adventurous, he has also been financially conservative. One result is that this administration has been almost as orthodox in its approach to a balanced budget as was its predecessor. The sluggishness of the present upturn has probably resulted in large measure from a too sudden swing back toward a perfect balance between what the government takes out of the economy in taxes and what it puts back in Federal spending. This is precisely the tendency Mr. Kennedy and his economic counselors considered most shortsighted in the Eisenhower days.

Happily, there are many signs that the President is about to embark on a new expansionary course. The stock-market slide and the unreasoning criticism to which he has been subjected in business circles for arresting the steel-price increase have served to shake him out of whatever complacency he may have been tempted to feel. Worries over the balance-of-payments deficit still operate as an inhibiting influence, but not to the point of preventing all action. Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon's promise for a "top to bottom" tax cut next year represents a holding action by the conservative wing. Mr. Kennedy's more liberal advisers want a cut right away.



The need for imaginative government leadership in economic matters is doubly great now because of the barrenness of ideas in management, labor, and the academic community. The revolutionary progress in the physical sciences has no parallel in the modernization of our economic institutions. In labor's eyes, Nirvana is still to be found in the indefinite expansion of mass purchasing power, even though rank-and-file interest in new contracts seems to be focused much more on making sure that jobs will continue than on pushing up hourly pay. Industry seems to have an equally simplistic answer to all the country's problems—higher profits, with no acknowledgment that a point might ever be reached where they could be considered too high or where the benefits would not trickle down to those at the bottom of the economic ladder. Neither side seems to have any adequate conception of the interdependence of public and private policies in a period when one-sixth of all civilian workers are on Federal, state, or municipal payrolls and thirty per cent of the gross national product goes to support government services or government-operated social-insurance systems. Overseas, the European Common Market is but one expression of the imaginative changes Western Europe is making to adjust to the challenges of the age of automation and of intensified world competition.

If we are to hold our own in this changing world, our first task is to make full use of our men and machines and then concentrate on ways to co-operate in making them more efficient and more competitive. Excessive curbs at this stage may defeat the very expansion we seek.

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Franco in Twilight

CLAIRE STERLING

MADRID

WITH the Spanish strikes going into their ninth week as this is written, there is still no way of knowing if they will continue, or for how long. Since a hundred thousand strikers have returned to work and only seventeen thousand are holding out, the strikes may end soon. But whether they end or not, they have already put Franco in an almost untenable position and revealed great cracks in his régime.

It does not seem to be true, as the government claims, that the strike wave was planned in advance, or that the Communists planned it. (The Communists' clandestine Radio Independiente, Spain's main source of strike news in these two months, was five days late in breaking the story.) It appears to have started spontaneously, over a localized grievance. Like most Spanish workers, the Oviedo miners were unhappy about their take-home pay: while the inflation of 1956-1959 has been checked, the burden of stabilization has fallen largely on the working class, whose real wages are lower today than they were six years ago. But unlike the others, the miners had been promised a raise by the Falangist syndicates, and the government was being dilatory in approving it. That, reportedly, was all they had in mind when they walked out of the pits in April.

It was soon apparent, however, that this was a first manifestation of a general discontent. In a matter of days, the walkout had spread through the Asturian coalfields, on to the Basque provinces of Guipúzcoa and Vizcaya, then further on to heavily industrialized Barcelona. Scattered over four provinces, lacking all normal means of communication, operating without strike funds, headquarters, or meetings, the strikers have been perfectly disciplined and increasingly bold. Where they started by asking simply for higher wages, they have gone on to demand guarantees against all forms of reprisal, the release of imprisoned strikers, free trade unions, and the legal right to strike; morally speaking, they have come surprisingly close to getting it all. The government has granted the miners a thirty per cent wage increase, bound to be extended eventually across the board; the corporate syndicates that pass for unions are in a shambles and their secretary-general, José Solis Ruiz, is about to be kicked out of the cabinet; the workers are returning to the outlawed Socialist and anarchist federations (UGT and CNT) of Republican days; and the law providing court-martial for strikers might never have been decreed for all the notice anyone has paid it in these two months.

For a man whose strongest political asset has been an iron control over labor, these are ruinous signs of weakness, especially since Franco could have ended the strikes long ago by resorting to his usual methods. It might have been enough for him to close the mine commissaries, still selling the strikers cheap food on credit. Or, if that failed, he might have sent the army in—except that he could not be sure of its dependability—broken a few heads, ordered massive arrests, and militarized the mines and factories. The fact that he did none of these things—scarcely a hundred strikers have been arrested in all, and there has been no violence—shows how very much Spain has changed in recent years.

LOOKING BACK now, it is plain that the change began when Franco signed a military-base agreement with the United States in 1953. Everybody had assumed at the time that the agreement would strengthen him, and for a while it did. After fourteen years in international quarantine, he not only became a respected ally of the United States but acquired a claim on the U.S. Treasury that has since netted him nearly $2 billion. Once he had opened Spain's doors to the world, however, he could not prevent cross-ventilation. Along with diplomatic recognition and American dollars have come pilots and technicians, ideas, books, movies, eight million tourists a year, foreign investments ($192 million in 1961), and a thousand other forms of contact with America and Europe. By now, there are few Spanish artists, scholars, or students who are unaware of the exciting intellectual life in New York, Paris, and London; few officers who haven't rubbed shoulders with some free-spoken lieutenant from Texas; few workers who haven't heard about the advantages of democratic unionism from the forty thousand Spanish workers emigrating yearly to England, France, and West Germany; few young Catholics unaffected by the political theories of the militant young Christian Democrats in Rome; and few big industrialists who wouldn't give their eyeteeth to get into the Common Market.

This last has been an unusually interesting development. The days

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have passed when Spain's big businessmen were content with a life in Europe's most stagnant backwaters. The more provincial among them would be glad to go on as they are, especially since Spain is slowly emerging from its torpor. But sophisticated bankers and industrialists know that the country has no future so long as it is excluded from the world's fastest-growing market, just over the Pyrennees. For them, it isn't only a question of profits, though they are discovering how pleasantly profitable competition can be in a big arena. It is also a matter of life or death, since two-thirds of Spain's exports are traditionally sold to either the six Common Market countries or to Britain, likely soon to the seventh. These men have no illusions about gaining easy admittance while Franco is in power: the Community's reply to his letter of application last February was no more than an icy acknowledgment of receipt. Neither do they seem ready to oust him. Nevertheless, they are pressing him hard to project the kind of respectable image that might pave the way for Spain's eventual entrance—with or without him.

In these wholly unfamiliar circumstances, Franco could not use force to break the strikes without offending not only the usual students and intellectuals but practically everybody else, from hotelkeepers and Thomas Cook & Son (all those tourists!) to the very industrialists who would have insisted on calling out the army only a few years ago. Nor could he count on unqualified support from the other two pillars of his régime—the army itself, reliably reported to have told him that strikes were none of its business, and the Catholic Church, whose relations with Franco have approached the breaking point since the walkouts began.

The Cardinal Speaks Out

In his first public statement on what he called "these labor conflicts," Franco blamed them partly on Communist agitators and partly on "a few exalted priests." Actually, the priests he was thinking of included most or all of the lower clergy in the Asturian, Basque, and Catalan provinces, the Bishop of Bilbao, the Archbishops of Seville and Barcelona, and in all probability, the Cardinal Primate, Pla y Deniel, who was obliged recently to issue a denial—*someone* must have made the accusation—that the Church had fomented the strikes.

The Primate did not take a formal position in the early days of the crisis. But he did permit his clergy all over the north to preach from their pulpits on the strikers' behalf, collect money for their relief, and even join their demonstrations; he did not object to acid attacks on the régime by several bishops, or the singular behavior of his archbishop in Barcelona, who has been receiving strikers' delegations almost daily in the city's cathedral; he gave his imprimatur to an editorial in the official Church review, *Ecclesia*, defending the workers' right to strike and join free unions; and he approved the leaflets issued by the Catholic Workers' Brotherhood (HOAC) and Catholic Workers' Youth (JOC), which have played a bigger role in the strikes than any political party in Spain, the Communists included.

Though every opposition group in the country has rushed to the strikers' aid, it is the HOAC whose leaders have been most exposed and most frequently arrested, whose counsel of nonviolence has prevailed, and whose leaflets have provided daily guidance, both tactical and political. These leaflets, said the Primate when he finally spoke out, conformed to Pope John XXIII's recent *Mater et Magistra* encyclical. "Would it not be logical," he added, "to be in harmony with this encyclical by reforming what must be reformed in this state which calls itself Catholic and social, whose chief has said repeatedly that he follows the social doctrine of the Church?"

Coming from a prelate in the Basque or Catalan regions—historically separatist and perennially at war with the régime—a curt reproof of this kind might not have meant much. The Cardinal Primate, however, has been a good friend of Franco's for twenty-six years and speaks for the entire Spanish Church. He has addressed the régime sharply before. But he has never before identified the hierarchy so closely with the lay as well as Catholic opposition. If the Church hasn't entirely disengaged itself from Franco, the process, under way for two or three years now, is plainly well along.

It would be uncharacteristic of the Primate to complete the process entirely. There is still a powerful Catholic group at Franco's side called Opus Dei—an archconservative and secretive lay order that controls all the economic posts in the cabinet, and an important part of the economy besides. But Opus Dei has always been cordially disliked in working-class and intellectual circles, and it is in even worse standing now, since it has been responsible for the belt-tightening stabilization plan. The Church obviously needs an altogether different kind of force to face the present emergency, and that is what the Primate—no ardent democrat, but a careful custodian of the Vatican's interests—is getting.

While no one knows how far the Primate is ready to go, he appears to have two general objectives: to keep the initiative out of Communist hands in the final phase of Franco's rule, and to prepare for a Catholic take-over in an orderly, democratic, but no longer necessarily posthumous succession.

UNTIL these strikes broke out, few opposition leaders here had thought seriously of trying to turn Franco out while he was still alive. But the strikes have revealed a degree of tension among the workers that no one in Madrid had suspected—and what is more, a state of mind among younger Spaniards that their elders have always dreaded. Members of the generation just coming of age here neither know nor care much about the horrors of the civil war or the Communists' role in it. Until recently, that didn't seem to matter much, since they tended to be interested largely in football and bullfights. But along with maturity they have acquired a taste for politics, and along with that a pronounced receptivity to Communist propaganda. They have been increasingly receptive to the Communists during these strikes. They have also taken a sudden interest in a new group of militants known as

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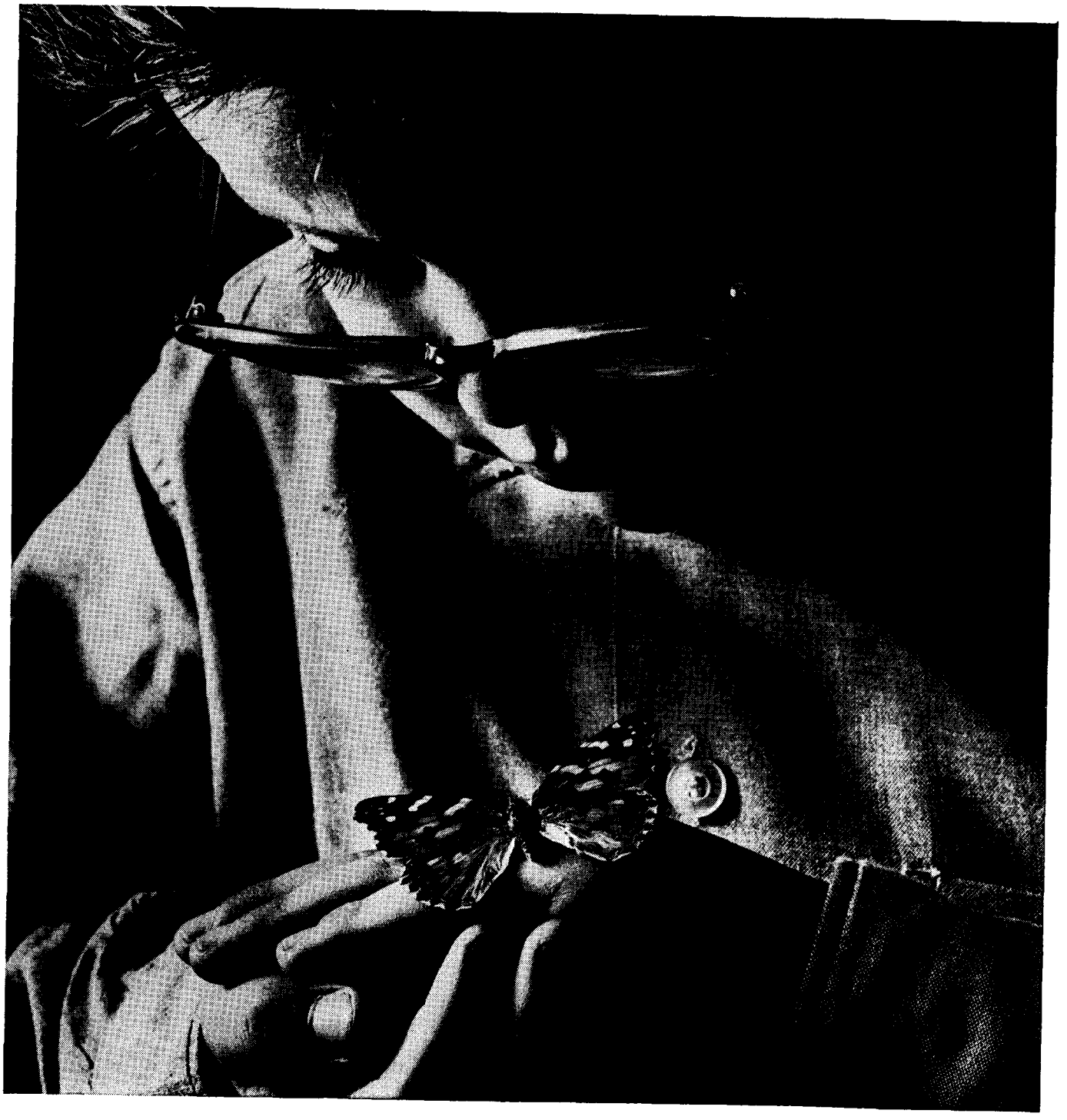


brains or brawn?

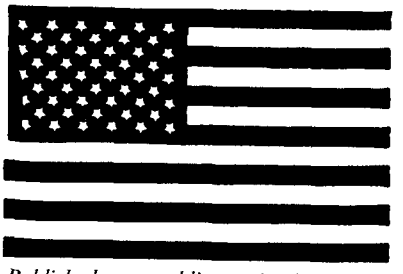
We need all the brains we can train for survival in this atomic age. But brains alone aren't enough. We need both brains *and* brawn to see us through the critical years ahead.

Our children's physical fitness has slipped alarmingly and no wonder, when you consider this fact: *less than one percent of the average American youth's time is spent on physical education.*

Now, before it's too late, physical education—vigorous daily activity that produces stamina, strength and endurance—must be made a regular part of every child's schooling, on a par with mental education.

The President's Council on Youth Fitness has developed a basic exercise program that can put a stop to the decline in our youngsters' physical abilities.

Is your child's school using it or a similar one? If not, act at your next PTA meeting. Insist on its adoption. Educators will respond to your interest.



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How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

Whooping Cranes and Contented Moose

The cry of the whooping crane is heard more often now on the Texas coast. For this once vanishing bird is increasing in numbers—with an assist from oilmen.

The reason: tender shoots of birch and willow are delicacies hard for moose to reach in thick woods. (We were as surprised as the moose, and just as pleased.)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey)
and its affiliate
HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY

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When cranes' nests were found in the midst of drilling operations, pipelines and even drilling sites were moved in order to leave the rare breed undisturbed.

In Alaska, moose too are multiplying where oil crews have worked. Roads bulldozed in dense forests are now favored browsing trails for these lordly animals.

In Louisiana, 46,000 cut-over acres we bought for oil exploration have been reforested—and birds, fish and game abound where once there was arid ugliness.

Conservation is a habit for us who work with an important natural resource. *Business, conducted with imagination, often produces unexpected benefits.*

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WHO'LL FILL BROWN'S JOB?

After sympathy, speculation. Natural, human speculation. Who'll fill Brown's job? Someone from the outside or someone on the way up? That empty chair has to be filled.

Management knows the bitter truth, however; that no one can fill Brown's job. Take over his responsibilities, yes. But Brown was at the peak of his powers, the peak of his efficiency when he was struck down by cancer. You can't buy the years the company put into Brown in the open market place.

You can buy one thing, however, as a business man and as a person. You can buy research to help control and perhaps one day eliminate the disease that struck Brown. According to statistics, one out of four employees will be afflicted with cancer. Send a check now to CANCER, c/o your local post office.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

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the Front of Popular Forces, whose twin heroes are Fidel Castro and Mohammed Ben Bella; and if they aren't yet on the road to an armed uprising, that certainly seems to be where they're heading. There is a dangerous void between these rebellious young men and their fathers, who have been waiting patiently for Franco to die since 1939. If some effective democratic opposition doesn't step in quickly to fill it, there isn't much doubt who will.

The Opposition Unites

After so many years of atrophy, it isn't easy for all the disparate, bickering opposition groups here to pull themselves together for resolute action. But in the electric atmosphere of the last eight weeks, they have sprung to life and taken the first indispensable step towards unity. There is now a coalition among all the political formations lying between Alberto Martín Artajo's far-right Christian Democrats and the Communists: Gil Robles' center Christian Democrats, Jiménez Fernández' left-wing Christian Democrats, Pardo Reina's Republicans, Dionisio Ridreujo's liberal Democratic Action, the Socialists, the UGT, and the CNT. In a few weeks, a still more binding pact of action will be signed in Munich between the two biggest forces in the coalition—the Christian Democrats and the Socialists. For one tricky moment in May, it had looked as if the Communists might be included too, since they were working with all the others to help the strikers. In the end, however, their proposal for a permanent Popular Front was rejected.

The next step will depend largely on circumstances. Should Franco agree to organic reforms, as rumor had it last month—the legal right to strike, for instance, and free elections of trade-union representatives—he might gain some time. But he doesn't seem to be that much of a gifted autocrat; it is hard to imagine him sitting down at the bargaining table with the brawny old anarchists of the CNT. Few opposition leaders believe he could swallow such a strong dose of democracy, let alone survive it. They feel, rather, that he is more likely to fall back on his old habits, and they prefer that. "A lot of us will be in jail during this coming year," says Ridruejo, who has been in and out of jail for some years now, "and there is nothing that could give us greater pleasure."

This is not a matter of sentiment but of cold calculation. Should Franco resort to harsh repression now, he would almost certainly stiffen the resistance of the Church, strengthen its already substantial understanding with the democratic opposition, and push toward its side some powerful and rich industrialists whose hearts are set on the

Common Market. Furthermore, he would probably widen the first crack now appearing in the army. There are not many generals, of course, who care to take any chances. Nevertheless, while Franco has asserted recently that the army is still behind him, it is demonstrably not as close behind him as it used to be.

APPARENTLY, therefore, Franco's safest course would be to do nothing. But that isn't so safe, either. For one thing, the forces still supporting him are outraged by what they consider his spineless submission to the strikers: they don't see much point in having a dictator who doesn't dictate. For another, the country is obviously heading for economic trouble. Sooner or later, it will be all but impossible for Franco to refuse all the workers the thirty per cent wage increase he has granted the miners. Even now, as he is trying to make up his mind, the strikes are tending to take on a chronic form, with walkouts in relays, slowdowns, and a consumers' boycott of movies, bars, and newspapers. An across-the-board increase, however, would be bound to wreck the stabilization plan so laboriously achieved in the last three years. It is highly doubtful, therefore, whether Spain can avoid another fearful round of inflation.

IF ALL THIS raises the question of a non-posthumous succession, the question isn't so simple. Assuming they can reach the point of easing Franco out, the opposition parties have no all-purpose formula for his successor. With all the mutual good will in the world, they will still have difficulty in deciding, for instance, whether he should be replaced by a constitutional monarchy, an interim government under army auspices, or an immediate experiment in parliamentary democracy; and they are sure to fall out among themselves when and if they discover through the ballot—the first in twenty-six years—how many Spaniards really stand behind which political party.

If the democratic opposition's current optimism is justified, a test like this ought not to be calamitous. Should the test come fairly soon, through the efforts of the democrats themselves, it might well give at least a relative majority to the Christian Democrats, thanks to Cardinal Pla y Deniel's judicious policies. Or, failing that, there ought at any rate to be a majority for the Catholics and Socialists together. This might mean lengthy and tiresome quarrels, and perhaps long years of instability. But it needn't at all mean chaos.

There is always a chance, of course, that it *will* mean chaos, which is the argument Franco has been using all this while. But if the new Spanish generation is obliged to wait much longer, it might confirm another argument Franco is fond of. The choice for Spain isn't yet between Franco's and a Soviet-style dictatorship. But the Cardinal Primate wouldn't be risking the most advantageous Concordat the Vatican has with any nation if he thought this would be true forever.

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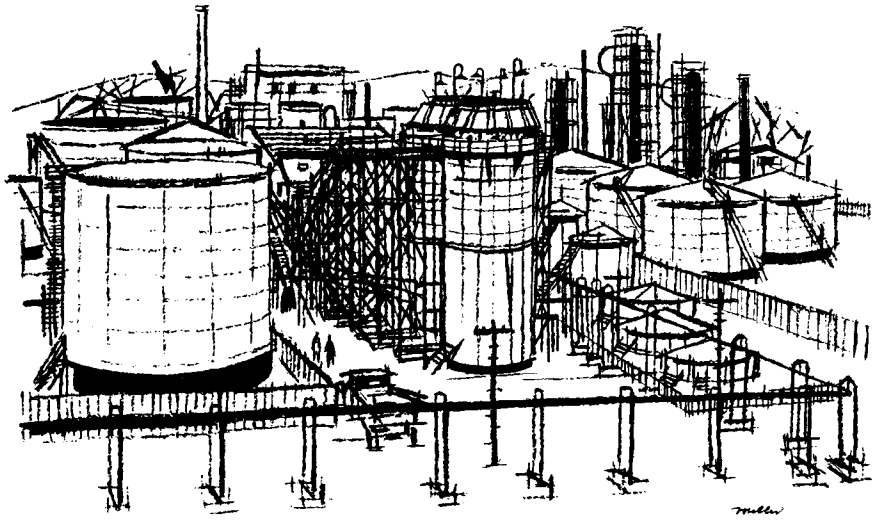

The Soviet Oil Offensive

LEON M. HERMAN

THE DETERMINED Soviet drive to crash the exclusive international petroleum club, now under way in many parts of the world, has all the characteristics of an enterprise designed to achieve far-reaching foreign-policy objectives. Over the past few years this campaign has become more ambitious as it has proceeded to gather momentum. Whether we like it or not, there is more here than meets the eye.

To begin with, the amount of oil actually exported by the Soviet Union to date has been relatively small, no more than about three per cent of total world exports. Yet the effect of these modest shipments has been anything but peripheral. They have left their mark most tellingly on the prevailing price level and, as a consequence, on the annual earnings of the big oil companies. Furthermore, the world oil market into which the Soviets entered in force in the late 1950's was manifestly "soft," depressed by excessive supplies. Still, the Soviet oil trust seems to have had considerable success in expanding its marketing operations. The volume of its exports of crude oil outside the Soviet bloc increased more than sixfold beteween 1955 and 1960, from three to nineteen million metric tons.

From their recent encounters in the world market, the western oil-exporting firms have learned the bitter lesson that the Soviet oil trust is no ordinary competitor. As part of a large state trading monopoly, it is a commercial organization with a difference. It seems to be able to increase its sales, for example, in a "soft" market, one in which supply is outrunning demand. Moreover, it can sell without necessarily making a profit. Under the terms of its charter, the oil trust has to show a profit on its activities as a whole, but not necessarily in all markets and not on all transactions. There are times and markets in which the state agency can engage in deficit operations for as long as it may consider necessary. Whatever may be the state of its balance sheet in the meantime, there are no stockholders to demand an accounting.

AS A PRACTICAL MATTER, too, the marketing position of the Soviet oil trust is highly favorable. In its own back yard, it has a secure market extending over the entire territory of the Soviet bloc. In this market the Soviet export agency sells roughly half of its oil surplus. Owing to the nature of this market, furthermore, the Soviet Union enjoys all the old-fashioned advantages of a monopoly producer and seller. (The Soviet Union accounts for ninety per cent of all the oil produced in the bloc.) In the first place, this vast marketing area is, by definition, its own proper "socialist" preserve, "off limits" for the western oil firms. Secondly, in the absence of competition, the Soviet oil trust is able to raise its prices in the captive market as a kind of insurance against the hazard of financial loss in the competitive parts of the market.

According to the findings of a recent U.S. oil mission to Russia, the Soviet Union sells its crude oil to the satellite countries at $2.82 per barrel and distillery products at $5.40 per barrel. Customers outside the bloc get a discount. They pay $1.75 and $2.44 per barrel, respectively, for these two categories of petroleum bought from the Soviet Union.

By virtue of these attractive marketing devices, the Soviet oil trust has been able to expand its sales outside the bloc in short order. Soviet oil has already achieved a commanding position in a number of markets, most of them small, such as Iceland, Finland, Afghanistan, Egypt, Greece, and Cuba. On the basis of these successes, the Soviet oil-export trust has raised its sights toward bigger and better markets. Some notable results have already been achieved in three major oil-consuming countries, namely Japan, Italy, and West Germany. In 1960, these three countries accounted for thirty-five per cent of total Soviet crude-oil exports. In the same year, Italy emerged as Russia's largest customer, taking nearly four million tons of crude oil.

Moscow's Loss Leader

The tactic of price cutting has paid off in volume sales. Invariably, where the price was cut most deeply the flow of exports followed suit. In Italy, for example, the Soviet Union has sold its crude oil at the price of one dollar a barrel, f.o.b. a Black Sea port. According to testimony recently presented by a spokesman of the U.S. oil industry to the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, this is equivalent to seventy-five cents a barrel for Middle East oil shipped from a Persian Gulf port. Such a price would not even cover the taxes and royalties the oil companies have to pay to the gov-

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ernments of the countries where the oil is extracted on concession terms.

As a result of this concentrated drive, Soviet oil is now supplying nine per cent of Western European demand, and western companies fear the increasing flow will reach eleven per cent by 1965. The Soviet official in charge of petroleum exports has intensified their concern by setting his target for Europe still higher. According to E. Gurov, manager of Soiuznefteksport, the oil export trust, his agency intends to "recapture its former position" in the European oil market, which he placed at nineteen per cent of all sales.

In one market after another, western firms find themselves hard pressed by the piratical pricing tactics and other aggressive commercial devices in the arsenal of the Soviet monopoly trading system. But there is plenty of evidence that selling oil is not seen as an end in itself by the Russian manipulators. To be sure, the oil export trust, like any other trading agency of the Soviet government, is always on the lookout for large and dependable sources of foreign exchange.

As viewed from the Kremlin, however, petroleum is not just another commodity. It is a unique natural resource capable of stirring strong national emotions. And the big western oil companies are not just commercial firms, but the symbol of western wealth and power. As such, they are representative at once of the economic strength and the political vulnerability of the western position in the less developed regions of the world.

Because their activities in the oil-rich but economically poor countries help to bring a taste of the fruits of modern productivity into these countries, the Soviet government feels its own revolutionary aims threatened. Furthermore, because the western oil companies are symbolic of the contrast between the poor and the rich countries, the Soviet leaders are strongly tempted to do what they can to incite resentment against them. By doing so, they hope eventually to erode the economic position of the companies at the production end, and they assume that the forces of economic nationalism are working in their favor. An article in the Soviet journal *International Affairs* (July, 1960) expresses Russia's great expectations, particularly in the Middle East:

"It should be borne in mind that oil concessions represent the foundation of the entire edifice of western political influence in the [less developed] world, of all military bases and aggressive blocs. If this foundation cracks, the entire edifice may begin to totter and then come tumbling down."

Incitement alone is not enough. For years, until quite recently, Soviet spokesmen have been using all possible occasions to urge the less developed oil-rich countries to nationalize their oil industries and to drive out the foreign interests and technicians. What finally induced them to go beyond mere incitement was the fact that the verbal appeals had failed to alter the practical situation.

Within the past two to three years, the Soviet leadership has shifted to a policy of encouraging economic nationalism in the sphere of petroleum. To that end, it has made available its own considerable capability in the petroleum industry, ranging from geological surveys to the construction of pipelines and tankers. When Soviet agents promise to train native personnel in the skills of the oil industry, the offer is both plausible and enormously appealing. The political dividends are expected to be fabulously high.

Soiuznefteksport Goes Native

The appeal, however, seems to find a strong response in many quarters regardless of the stage of economic maturity or political sophistication of the developing country involved. This may be seen from the record to date. The countries that have accepted Soviet offers of economic assistance in petroleum range all the way from semi-nomadic Afghanistan on Russia's southern border to Argentina in our own hemisphere. In all instances, the offer is specifically tailored to fit the local situation, based on close knowledge of the circumstances in each country surrounding the magic goal of "building a national oil industry." In this kind of local garb, the offer becomes well-nigh irresistible.

In Afghanistan, for example, the emphasis is on prospecting. Under a contract with the Soviet Union, the local authorities have received a team of Soviet geologists who are prospecting for oil in the northern regions of the country. By the terms of this contract, Russia has pledged itself "to help develop a modern oil industry." In two other oil-deficient countries, Ethiopia and Pakistan, the Soviet Union has contracted to carry out a program of prospecting. These programs are to be carried out by Soviet geologists, equipment, and financial credits.

In a country like Egypt the program is distinctly more ambitious. There the stress is on building a domestic oil-processing industry consisting of five refineries and some related installations. Again, the Soviet Union provides the technicians, the equipment, and the credit. When these projects are completed, according to the official Soviet press, "Egypt will be wholly independent of foreign interests as far as its requirements for oil products are concerned."

In India, by all odds a prime target, the Soviet Union has committed itself not only to prospecting for oil and gas but to refinery construction as well. For many months now,

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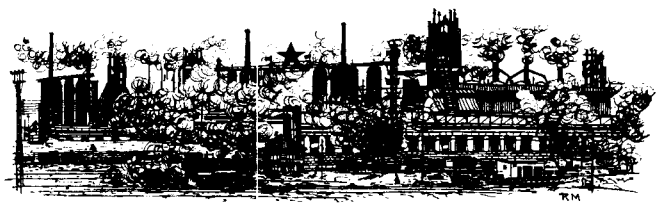
Soviet geologists have been prospecting over an area of more than fifty thousand square miles. Some deposits of oil and natural gas in commercial quantities have already been found. The two refineries now under construction, one at Nunmati and another at Barauni, will be capable of producing nearly three million tons of finished products a year. The first of these two new refineries began operation on January 1. Since then, a contract for a third refinery, to be covered by a Soviet credit valued at $21 million, was reported signed on February 12.

In the Western Hemisphere, three countries are involved in one kind of arrangement or another. The State Oil Company of Argentina has accepted a Soviet credit of $100 million to cover the cost of oil-field equipment to be supplied by the Soviet Union. More recently, one of the Soviet agencies for technical assistance, Tiazhpromeksport, signed an agreement to design and build a gas-and-shale plant for the Brazilian firm CIRB. In this industry, the Soviet Union claims to have technical experience as a result of developing its own shale production near Tallinn, Estonia. And according to a news dispatch from Santiago, Chile, dated February 22, 1962, the finance minister of that country reports that Russia has agreed to study the possibility of building an oil refinery in Chile.



Even in a country like Iraq, which is anything but a "have-not" nation in petroleum, the Soviet Union has recently succeeded in getting a foot in the door. On April 4, 1960, it signed a contract to conduct seismic research for oil deposits over an era of four hundred square miles. The soundings are to be taken in a region adjacent to the fields now covered by a western oil concession. To Soviet officialdom, this arrangement is a major breakthrough, installing their own operation alongside the established oil interests they are so anxious to discredit and ultimately to displace.

BUT there is another side to this apparent success. The economic interest of the Soviet Union has recently come into direct conflict with that of the oil-exporting countries of the less developed regions. In Europe in particular, the increased flow of Soviet petroleum has taken place at the expense of oil from the Middle East. The serious concern of the Arab countries on this score is unmistakable. They are not convinced by Soviet assurances that the market is big enough to absorb all present and future supplies. This is one of the stubborn facts of commercial life that cannot be swept under the rug of "friendship and the common cause of anti-imperialism." It is reasonable to assume that overt signs of a clash of interests in oil marketing will constrain Moscow to counteract this evidence with a show of financial and technical support under the slogan of "helping the former colonial peoples to build a national oil industry."

It is extremely important that we consider this particular form of economic collaboration between the Soviet Union and the emerging nations with all the seriousness it deserves. What has motivated the less developed nations to accept collaboration? What is the nature of the discontent that has impelled them to seek assistance from a new and untried source at a time when most of them have long-standing agreements, in production or distribution, with the experienced oil companies of the West?

With respect to oil production, more than any other economic activity, the answers should not be hard to find. Both the countries that are now exploiting oil deposits and others that merely hope to strike oil are understandably concerned that this resource should be so employed as to provide not only current income but economic progress as well. To them, a good commercial arrangement no longer seems to be enough. They want to see some visual proof that this essential resource is also helping to advance their own technical competence, their economic self-reliance. The fact that they are responding to Soviet blandishments in this sphere is a warning. At the very least, it should help to sharpen our awareness that there is a strong feeling among these sensitive nations that their economic partners from the West, whose skill and enterprise have helped to raise their current material wealth, have not displayed enough imagination or devoted enough effort to the all-important job of supporting their aspirations for economic self-reliance.

It is easy to demonstrate with facts and figures that the Soviet Union is long on the means of incitement and short on the kind of resources that are needed to displace the West in the economic life of the less developed countries. This is as true in the case of petroleum as it is in any other phase of the economic rivalry against the West.

HOWEVER, it is important to remember that this onslaught against the West does not depend for its success on the ability of the Soviet Union and its allies to match the economic wherewithal of the older nations. The strategists in charge of this operation on behalf of Moscow are basing their plans on a calculus which assumes that the economic nationalism of the emerging countries is working on their side. Accordingly, they are deploying their resources in such a way as to condition the political climate in the less developed nations, by injecting along with their practical support strong doses of resentment, envy, and hatred against the "western monopolists" and anyone associated with them. For their purposes, all that has to be accomplished is to get some of the leaders of the developing nations committed to an "active struggle" against the West. Once this is accomplished, all normal economic considerations are expected to fly out of the window.

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Can Faubus Be Beaten?

TOM DEARMORE

"THAT BOY would charge hell with a bucket of water," the hill farmer said as he watched the young orator, red necktie loosened under the broiling August sun, battle for the Arkansas governorship in 1948. The "boy" won, and won again two years later, and this summer he is back for another try.

Sidney Sanders McMath is no longer the boyish-looking champion he was then, and Arkansas is not the same Arkansas. Elected at thirty-five, he was the youngest governor in the United States when he assumed office. Now he is forty-nine and graying at the temples. The youthful vitality is still there, and the warm grin when he wants to use it. But there is a hardness about the mouth and a coldness in the eyes when he talks about the man who now sits in the governor's office, the man McMath brought down from the hills and started on a career in state politics, Orval Eugene Faubus. McMath is setting out to demolish the powerful machine of his former friend and lieutenant.

There is a feeling in the state that despite the formidable organization he commands, Faubus dreads facing this particular challenger. McMath is the first opponent in eight years who is a match for Faubus on television. The state is enjoying what many believe will be the forensic show of the century during these six weeks prior to the Democratic primary on July 31. Two weeks after that date, a Faubus-McMath runoff election is possible.

McMath has some political handicaps that only a strong personality and an indefatigable effort might overcome. He is to Arkansas what Ellis Arnall is to Georgia—the state's only authentic liberal governor of modern times—and Faubus has been expounding anti-liberalism with conspicuous success. McMath's initial victory fourteen years ago was won in a bitter runoff election in which the racial issue was injected for the first time to any appreciable degree in Arkansas since Reconstruction days. It was implied that he was not opposed to President Truman's proposed civil-rights legislation, and there was talk of integration in Arkansas if he became governor. His answer came quickly. He charged that his opponent was stooping to a campaign "based on prejudice" and that the South had too long been victimized "by politicians who flay the Negroes for political purposes." And he declared, in those uncomplicated days nine years before the Central High School debacle, "We, as a nation, cannot assume our responsibilities of leadership in the world if we have racial and religious discord at home."

During the campaign McMath declared against "outside interference" in racial matters and against Mr. Truman's civil-rights bills. Without this assurance to the white voters, it is doubtful that he could have won. But while McMath is for state's rights, he also recognizes that states have responsibilities as well, and that under the Constitution these are coterminous in some areas with the responsibilities of the Federal government.

MCMATH won the 1948 election on a platform of moderation, and at once proceeded to demonstrate his view of state responsibility. In his first inaugural address he placed a state civil-rights package before the legislature and advocated passage of an anti-lynching law (though noting that there had not been a lynching in Arkansas for twenty-one years) and submission of an amendment to abolish the poll tax. His purpose was to make Arkansas known as a progressive state. He wanted to show the nation that Federal laws were unnecessary, that "the great mass" of Arkansas people "are anxious that human rights be fully protected." Later, when his anti-lynching law was smothered in the legislature, all he could say was, "I thought we were above that sort of thing." His effort to end the poll tax also failed.

There were changes elsewhere, though. The University of Arkansas was desegregated during McMath's first year in office—without a court order and five years before the Supreme Court desegregation decree—and Negroes were named to the Democratic state committee for the first time since Reconstruction. State college facilities for Negroes were expanded and modernized. It is reasonable to expect that at least two of his opponents for the Democratic nomination this year, Faubus and Congressman Dale Alford, will dwell long and with relish upon his past concern for the status of the Negro. It may also be expected that McMath will remind his listeners that during his two terms one of his staunchest devotees was Faubus.

Not long ago McMath stated his campaign position on integration: "This is a local problem. It should be left up to the people of good will in each school district. If the people of good will in each community do not assume their responsibilities, and if they get in the courts, they must obey the orders of the courts, and it is not my duty to try to mislead them. For me to tell them they did not have to comply with a court order would be to try to deceive them." This may be compared with Faubus's 1958 campaign statement: "I'm tired of the phrase 'law of the land.' Only Congress can make laws, and the people didn't vote to change the Constitution. So it is not the law of the land."

Tarred with the Same Blacktop

Another principal issue in the primary campaign will be the handling of the highway-building program carried out during McMath's administration, and specifically the legislative scandal-hunting highway audit during his second term. At the end of the Second World War, the economy of many Arkansas counties was being strangled by isolation, and some had not a single hard-surfaced road to the outside world. Road building was the major item in McMath's first election platform. He promised more than two thousand miles, and about twenty-two hundred miles were actually hard-surfaced during his two terms. Some Arkansans who still remember the bumps and grime of the old days will vote for him this year on the basis of those roads. Orval

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Faubus remembers when the pavement came to his home town, Huntsville, up in the hills, and some people say McMath's greatest single error was building the highway to Huntsville and letting Orval out.

McMath contends that the highway audit was shoved through the legislature by private power interests as a retaliatory move because of his successful espousal of the Rural Electrification Administration steam power-generating plant at Ozark "and because I would not let the utilities raise their rates." The audit failed to find any colossal wrongdoing, and McMath backed a referendum that created a nonpolitical highway commission. Nevertheless, the issue contributed to McMath's defeat in the 1952 Democratic primary by Judge Francis Cherry. Cherry was succeeded two years later by McMath's former lieutenant, Orval Faubus, and Faubus has held the office ever since.

The highway-audit issue may be neutralized because Faubus served on McMath's highway commission, and even as director of highways during part of McMath's second term. "Faubus was my highway commissioner—he had charge of the store," McMath says with a wry grin.

The Issue: Little Rock

Essentially, though, the issue is Faubus, and the sorry drama he precipitated at Central High School on Labor Day, 1957. That was the day Sid McMath became irrevocably estranged from the Faubus administration. Most of the business and professional community of Little Rock stood stunned and mute as opinion polarized and Faubus capitalized on the chaos to run for a third term, but McMath's comment came like a whiplash. In 1958, just before the Democratic primary, he delivered a searing indictment of Faubus on television. Some of it is worth remembering:

"Faubus stated frankly and brazenly that he needed an emotional issue to overcome the tradition against a third term; that the integration issue was ready-made for his purposes . . ." McMath recalled that he had always been identified with the working people, and he ridiculed Faubus's slogan, "It's Courage That Counts." "Would it not have been a greater display of courage," McMath asked, "if he had faced up to the mob and announced that this issue would be resolved by the normal judicial and legislative processes?"

The arguments this summer will be much the same. McMath, who says he left the governor's office broke and in debt, now has a successful law practice in Little Rock. Why does he want the governor's

office, which pays only $10,000 a year? It is a matter of duty, he says. "Faubus has given the Communists a weapon to beat us over the head with around the world. We can't spend enough in the uncommitted nations to repair the damage he has done. He has created a false impression of our attitude toward the colored race."

Also, he says, "The world is bypassing Arkansas." Despite Faubus's claim of securing sixty-five thousand new industrial jobs, "We have fewer jobs available than we did in 1952." Economic advancement in the state, he asserts, depends largely upon Federal development of the Arkansas River and Arkansas' other abundant water resources, "yet Faubus is at war with the national Democratic administration." He says the Faubus administration, allied with some utility interests that have received rate increases, is extending its power into more and more areas, even threatening academic freedom at the state university, where restrictions were placed on political speeches this spring. His main goal if elected: "To rebuild the image of Arkansas."

How Many Divisions?

McMath does not underrate the power Faubus has accumulated during an unprecedented four terms in office. During those years the number of state employees has just about doubled. Moreover, Faubus has been able to count on the "welfare vote," about fifty-five thousand aged people who draw the modest state welfare checks. They were given the customary election-year increase of five dollars in April. "If Faubus stays in another ten years, I'll really be drawing a good check," a welfare recipient in the cotton country has said. Some believe the welfare increases would be lost if Faubus left office.

But McMath also appeals to many "welfare folks" because they recall that he too raised their grants while in office. He charges that "the political capital" made from welfare rolls by Faubus "is one of the most callous deceptions in the history of the state," and that recipients "have been made to believe that his continuation in office is necessary for them to continue to draw their checks." He points out that state welfare funds under Faubus have increased by only about $50,000, but that there has been an increase for that fund of about $10 million from the Federal government, "which the governor loves to abuse and castigate." McMath is also telling the aged people that the cost of administering the welfare department is about $900,000 more annually than when he left office, and he charges that welfare-grant increases have been "coldly withheld" in recent years to be released at politically expedient times.

FAUBUS's low esteem in Washington will be another issue. McMath has stated that in 1949, when as governor he was "in a position to work with the national administration in support of our congressional delegation," effective work was done to get the $1.2-billion Arkansas River navigation and flood-control program started, but that "the program is far from complete." He is telling the people of Arkansas that he can be influential with the Kennedy administration and Faubus cannot.

Despite the fact that Faubus has appointed some six hundred state board and commission members and increased the number of state employees to about twenty thousand, he has some liabilities and he knows it. He did not want to make the race this year, and his announcement for

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a fifth term was handled with untypical clumsiness. On March 31, he withdrew from politics for reasons of health in a melodramatic "farewell address." Then, on the day of the filing deadline, he announced without much enthusiasm that he was acceding to demands of his many friends and would run after all. His reluctance was attributed by many observers to uncertain poll showings that indicated a grueling battle with no clear assurance of victory. He seems to have genuinely wanted to quit, but he has built up a machine in which many of the friends to whom he referred have developed a vested interest; he simply could not walk away and watch it disintegrate as McMath and others assailed it.

This change of mind has undoubtedly damaged him to some extent. More important, however, has been his defeat on two major state-wide referendums since his last election. He proposed a state constitutional change to permit closing of schools faced with court-ordered integration, and later a bond issue for $90 million in state institutional construction. McMath went on television against both propositions, and both were defeated about three to one by the voters, even though Faubus threw his full weight behind them. Faubus was embittered and deflated by these defeats. Parts of his own northern Arkansas region voted six to one against him. His base of support has shifted from the Ozarks, which first sent him to Little Rock, to the eastern cotton delta.

The powerful Arkansas Education Association (fourteen thousand-plus members) openly denounced Faubus's school-closing stand and may be a strong factor in this year's election. The teachers are probably the largest well-organized group opposing him.

In Arkansas, which has no literacy test, almost seventy thousand Negroes are qualified to vote. It would be unrealistic to expect many of them to vote for Faubus. All candidates will be seeking the "Negro vote," but public endorsement by the NAACP or other Negro groups can be a handicap.

Faubus is mindful that between his third and fourth terms his share of the vote slipped from sixty-nine down to fifty-nine per cent—and he had no vigorous challengers for his fourth term. Another such loss could finish his political career, and there are polls that show he has slipped.

The Aspirants

Governor Faubus has five opponents. If he does not receive more than fifty per cent of the votes in the July 31 primary, he will have to face the runner-up in another election two weeks later. Most observers believe there is perhaps a better than even chance that he will be forced into a runoff. In that event he could easily be buried, even as he buried Governor Francis Cherry in a similar situation in 1954. Faubus won by only a scant majority then, and in the same election McMath narrowly missed edging Senator John L. McClellan into a runoff. McClellan received a majority of only 4,074 out of about 325,000 votes cast, and McMath's powerful showing in that race, in which he had practically no financing, has not been forgotten. Some people believe he would be the junior senator from Arkansas today if he had had an additional $25,000 for campaign expenses.

Congressman Alford, a rightist political creation of the Faubus administration who has turned on his former patron, poses a possible di-

lemma for both Faubus and McMath. A purveyor of highly charged racial preachments and hammy platitudes, Alford is a proven vote-getter. When his district was merged with that of Wilbur Mills last year he decided to throw caution to the winds and tackle Faubus for the governorship.

"I figure if Alford can poll even twenty thousand votes in the first primary, it might be enough to throw Faubus into a runoff with McMath," one veteran observer has said. It seems probable that Alford will poll more than that, drawing votes from the Faubus camp. But if a runoff develops, with Alford as a third runner, McMath will have a sizable problem trying to garner the Alford votes.

Another Faubus opponent who cannot be dismissed too lightly is Vernon H. Whitten, a successful businessman whose strength appears to be mounting. Others in the race are Kenneth Coffelt, a Little Rock attorney who has promised revelations about the Faubus administration, and David Cox, a farmer from Weiner, but neither of the latter appears to have much backing.

THERE IS no doubt that many business and professional men, although they are repelled by Faubus, have become to believe the legend of his invincibility. "Let's be realistic," one said recently. "He has the machinery, the welfare vote, and the big-money people with him." There is much truth in that. Faubus did not even find it necessary to belabor the integration question in his 1960 fourth-term campaign, although it was still a factor. Traditional machine politics sufficed. The faction formed around Faubus is the strongest the state has ever known. But it has been diminishing; no one will know to what extent until the last evening in July.

Whatever the results may be, this will certainly not be an ordinary governor's race. It will be a feud between two farm-bred Arkansans with strong personalities, once fast friends, who came to different conclusions about the great domestic issue of their time and about the nature of a public official's responsibility. It will be attended by inordinate acrimony, and perhaps this will turn some voters in revulsion to other candidates. But Faubus will meet his match in this conflict, whether or not he meets defeat. He faces a man whose capabilities he knows only too well, whom he once claimed to admire, and who is now determined to make the name of Arkansas stand for something different from what it has meant to people in other parts of the nation and the world in the past few years.

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How Billie Sol Used the Farm Program

JULIUS DUSCHA

When Billie Sol Estes came off the dusty plains of West Texas to seek his fortune in Pecos back in 1951, he soon discovered that the quickest way to riches was through government farm programs. This hard-working farm boy with only a high-school education and little money was able to borrow enough cash to buy 640 acres and to plant, fertilize, and irrigate cotton crops on the land, with the assurance that, for him at least, the farm price-support program had taken most of the risk out of agriculture.

By the time the multimillion-dollar Estes manipulations collapsed this spring with loud political reverberations in Washington over the first major scandal of the Kennedy administration, Billie Sol had demonstrated that a program designed to help all farmers keep up with the rest of the economy can also be used, both legally and illegally, to make a few men very wealthy indeed.

Estes not only manipulated the cotton program; he cut himself in on the 2.5-billion-bushel government grain-storage operations. To protect himself in Washington, Estes contributed liberally to the Democratic Party and cultivated the friendship of men in the Agriculture Department in positions to help him. A man whose ambitions seemed as vast as the Texas plains, Estes also recognized that fortunes were to be made in the new chemical fertilizers that farmers use to circumvent Federal restrictions on production.

Farm subsidies have always favored the big individual farmers and large corporate farming enterprises over the small farmers who desperately need help. At least a third of the subsidies never even reach farmers. A billion dollars a year goes to the middlemen who handle, store, ship, and finance the $7-billion stockpile of unwanted and unneeded surplus farm commodities. Moreover, Estes was able to borrow money from a big chemical company like Commercial Solvents of New York, which supplied him with fertilizer, because many large corporations are also eager to cash in on the farm program. The twelve large finance companies with which Estes discounted $34 million worth of mortgages on nonexistent fertilizer tanks were apparently putting their faith in the government-backed credit of the cotton farmers who signed the mortgages.

Subsidies are deliberately set at a level high enough to help the smaller, inefficient producers. This means that they encourage uneconomic production. But it also means that the subsidies provide a bonanza for the large, efficient producers. Millions of dollars have been made in cotton on the irrigated lands of West Texas during the last decade because the cotton-price-support system was tailored to meet the needs of less efficient producers farther east in less advanced areas of the Old South, whose representatives in Congress still exercise a good deal of control over all farm legislation.

Most of the thousands of other farmers who struck it rich along with Billie Sol by making the deserts of West Texas bloom with cotton were content to cash their government checks, vote for men who attacked the Federal government, enjoy their fine homes in Pecos, criticize the income taxes that raise the money to subsidize farmers like themselves, and let their Mexicans do the back-breaking work in the 105-degree heat of the fields. The John Birch Society, which would do away with government farm programs—if not with government itself—has many supporters among the farmers and businessmen of West Texas who have prospered with the aid of Federal subsidies. The area is also a stronghold of fundamentalist religion.

Billie Sol was born on a lonely farm near Clyde, the son of a lay preacher in the Church of Christ who fought the wind, sand, and sun for a meager living. Billie Sol, who neither smokes nor drinks, is now a lay preacher like his Daddy, and has been an eager money-raiser for the church. He has always been fond of quoting the Golden Rule. He has also liked to moralize in his own words: "If a sparrow cannot fall without His notice, it is impossible for an empire to rise without His aid."

This pious businessman-farmer from Pecos stands charged with having bilked finance companies of some $22 million. A check of his own highly questionable accounts shows that he has assets of $20 million and liabilities of $38 million. A Federal grand jury has indicted him for fraud, and a Texas grand jury has charged him with theft in connection with the fertilizer-tank financing deals. An antitrust suit has been filed against him by the state

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of Texas. And two Congressional committees are investigating charges that favoritism was shown him by three Agriculture Department officials who, it is claimed, were rewarded with gifts of $245 Neiman-Marcus suits and $100 cowboy hats.

Great Crops from Little Acres

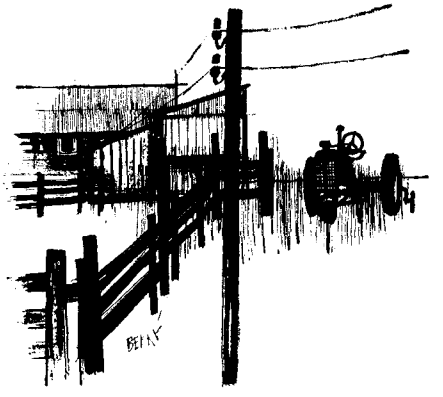
From cotton Billie Sol branched out into cattle and then into such typical small-town business enterprises as farm implements, well drilling, concrete mixing, and the distribution of fertilizer. He got into the fertilizer business in the mid-1950's. He could not have picked a better time. New chemical fertilizers like anhydrous ammonia, a form of nitrogen that makes plants grow bigger and faster, were being developed just as the government was restricting the number of acres that could be planted to cotton and wheat. By planting the rows of cotton closer together and pouring on the fertilizer, the farmers of West Texas were able to frustrate all efforts to control cotton production.

And when wheat acreage was reduced on the high plains, farmers started planting milo, a grain sorghum that is almost as good as corn for cattle and hogs. By using newly developed hybrid seed and by the judicious application of fertilizer, farmers turned grain sorghums into a major crop. Again, the big incentive was the minimum price guaranteed by the government.

With the help of Commercial Solvents, which was eager to expand its anhydrous-ammonia business, Estes became the largest fertilizer dealer in West Texas. And the government had to do something with the milo and wheat it was committed to buy under the price-support programs. So Estes got into the government grain-storage business, too, with a unique arrangement neatly tying together fertilizing and warehousing.

When Commercial Solvents lent Estes $900,000 to give him a start in the grain-storage business in 1958, he agreed to turn over to the firm all of the money that the government would pay him for storing surplus grain. Commercial Solvents then applied the government checks against the debts that Estes owed the company for fertilizer purchases. These payments amounted to $7.6 million over a three-year period, and Estes still owes Commercial Solvents $5.7 million for fertilizer.

At first blush, it seemed a wonderfully ingenious arrangement for realizing the full potential of the government farm programs. Estes's deal with Commercial Solvents was an open-end arrangement. The more elevators and bins he owned, the more government grain he could store. And the bigger his government checks were, the longer was his line of credit with Commercial Solvents. By selling fertilizer, Estes was encouraging the production of more grain sorghums and wheat to be stored in his elevators. Who could ask for anything more than



that from the munificent Federal farm program?

Billie Sol could, and did. In the civil antitrust suit filed against Estes, Attorney General Will Wilson of Texas has charged him with seeking to control the fertilizer business in West Texas by selling below cost. Several of Billie Sol's competitors testified at courts of inquiry held by Wilson that Estes sold anhydrous ammonia, which cost $95 a ton, for $60, $40, and even $20. Although Wilson has charged Commercial Solvents was a co-conspirator with Estes, the company has denied any knowledge of price cutting by him.

Estes seemed to be a compulsive price cutter. To encourage farmers to put their government price-supported grain in his warehouses, he offered to store it free for as long as four months. It was certainly an attractive offer, because under the complicated price-support system farmers take out a loan on their grain for the first six to nine months they store it under government guarantees, with the farmer himself paying the storage costs during that period. The Estes storage operations built up so fast that within three years he became the ninth largest warehouseman for government grain in the entire United States.

The Senate Investigations subcommittee headed by Senator John L. McClellan (D., Arkansas) and a House Government Operations subcommittee headed by Representative L. H. Fountain (D., North Carolina) are trying to find out how Estes expanded his grain-storage operations so rapidly. Among other things, the subcommittees are seeking to determine the role of two Agriculture Department officials during the Eisenhower administration, Walter C. Berger and James A. McConnell, who left the department to join Commercial Solvents.

No Tanks

Estes was indeed a big man in both grain storage and fertilizer, but big operations are not necessarily money-making enterprises. Estes could not make money on fertilizer or grain so long as he was selling and storing below cost. True, he was planting about twenty-five hundred acres of cotton on which he made a handsome profit and he was also earning money on most of his other business enterprises. But these profits were not on the multi-million-dollar scale needed to cover what he viewed as his temporary losses on fertilizer and grain storage.

Strapped for money, eager to buy and build more elevators and bins for grain, anxious to expand his fertilizer business, desperate for more government cotton allotments, Estes decided to borrow the credit of his friends, neighbors, and fellow church members. Estes, who seemed the model of hard-driving success, was widely respected in Texas. So the farmers and businessmen he talked with over coffee, across cluttered desks, or alongside rows of cotton under the blazing desert sun, were always ready to listen to a simple proposition like the purchase and lease-back of a $1,000 fertilizer tank.

Estes explained that he needed the tanks in his fertilizer business. He also explained that he was tem-

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porarily short on credit and did not want to get too much of his own capital tied up in tanks. So, how about lending good old Billie Sol your credit? And for your trouble good old Billie Sol will give you ten per cent. To pick up $100 on a $1,000 fertilizer-tank mortgage, all the farmer had to do was sign his name.

On paper, the farmer had bought a fertilizer tank, generally promising to pay for it in monthly installments over a five-year period. On paper, too, Estes had agreed to buy the tank back from the farmer under a five-year lease-back arrangement, with monthly payments the same as the mortgage payments. At the end of the five years the tanks would belong to Billie Sol.

There was only one trouble with the deal: there were no tanks. What Billie Sol wanted was the mortgages, which he sold at a discount to finance companies through a tank-manufacturing company he controlled. The finance companies, including such giants of the industry as the CIT Corp. and Walter E. Heller, were remarkably casual about checking up on the mortgages to see if the tanks existed.

But the Pecos *Independent*, a semi-weekly newspaper that Estes tried to put out of business by establishing his own Pecos *Daily News* last summer, had heard rumors about the fertilizer-tank deals. After months of investigations, which included tedious hours in county courthouses looking up the chattel mortgages on the tanks and helicopter trips over the plains in search of the tanks, the *Independent* published a series of four articles last February and March that led to Billie Sol's arrest and indictment by two grand juries.

AT ABOUT the same time the *Independent* was becoming suspicious of the Estes tank manipulations, U.S. Department of Agriculture officials in Texas were looking into the circumstances under which Billie Sol more than doubled his cotton acreage despite stringent government controls.

Under the Federal farm programs, the number of acres that can be planted to such crops as cotton, wheat, and tobacco is limited by Congress. If crops are planted in excess of allotments or without allotments, farmers are heavily fined. The allotments are parceled out among states, counties, and finally individual farms according to formulas based on a percentage of the production before controls were put into effect. When a farm is sold, the allotment goes with it. Thus, the allotment adds immensely to the value of the land. In West Texas, land with wells to provide water for irrigation but without a cotton allotment may be worth fifty dollars an acre. But if the land has an allotment, its value jumps to three hundred dollars an acre. The valuable allotments cannot, however, be sold by themselves; nor can they be transferred from one farm to another unless a farm is taken over by the government under eminent-domain proceedings for use as a park, a highway, or a military base.

In late 1960 and early 1961, Estes sent some of his associates as far afield as Georgia to hunt up farmers who had lost their cotton land to the government and did not know what to do with their allotments. The propositions presented to the farmers on behalf of Estes were as appealing as the fertilizer-tank deals. Estes would sell the farmers irrigated land in West Texas if the farmers would agree to transfer their cotton allotments to the land and then let Estes lease the land back for the production of cotton. No down payment was asked of the farmers, and no penalty would be assessed against them if they defaulted on their mortgages. The farmers would be paid fifty dollars an acre immediately for the lease of the land they were supposed to be buying. These deals brought Estes more than three thousand additional acres of leased cotton-allotment land.

Late in 1961 the Agriculture Department held that Estes, who was by then a member of its prestigious Cotton Advisory Council, had in fact bought the cotton allotments. Department attorneys charged that neither Estes nor the farmers who were ostensibly buying his land intended that the deals be consummated and that Estes agreed to sell his land only to get the cotton allotments, which would become his when he foreclosed on the mortgages. Estes appealed the decision and the McClellan committee is trying to determine whether the department showed favoritism in considering the appeal and was dilatory in levying a $554,000 fine, which was not announced until after the case became front-page news.

Politics and Grass Roots

Without the loosely administered and jerry-built Federal farm programs, Estes could never have prospered as he did. This is not to say that there are bank robberies because there are banks. Any program, any institution, is subject to misuse, but the farm programs seem to be made to order for wheelers and dealers like Estes.

What farmers would like most of all, of course, is high guaranteed prices with no limits on production. Instead, Congress has given farmers price guarantees along with acreage controls that encourage planting rows closer together and pouring on fertilizer to get maximum production. The result has been that total farm production remains at record highs while the number of planted acres declines to record low levels almost annually. Another result has been the creation of vested interests among the groups of businessmen who transport, store, handle, and process surplus grain and other commodities.

The farm programs are supposed to be administered at the county levels by elected committees of farmers. Theoretically, this is the ideal democratic procedure, but the committeemen are constantly subject to pressures from fellow farmers at the county level, from state and regional U.S. Agriculture Department officials, and—certainly not least of all—from Washington, where appointed officials and members of Congress have many ways of making their influence felt down in the counties.

Even the mammoth grain-storage programs, which are much more susceptible to close administrative supervision, are handled rather casually. There is no competitive bidding for grain. And although warehousemen are required to post bonds for the protection of the government, the Estes case has demon-

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strated that the requirements vary widely. Far tighter and more uniform administration of farm programs is badly needed. Already there are signs from the Department of Agriculture that changes will be made in such areas as bonding and the assignment of government checks by warehousemen.

Both President Kennedy and Secretary Orville Freeman have tried to turn the Estes case into an argument for the administration's farm program, which stresses tight controls on wheat, corn, grain sorghums, other feed grains, and milk, as well as on cotton and tobacco, to bring production into line with demand. Under the administration program, the Secretary of Agriculture—not Congress, as is now the case—would set maximum acreages each year. But for that very reason, the Kennedy-Freeman program would also mean that the government would become still more deeply involved in the affairs of every farmer, and a right granted by the government to plant a fixed number of acres would become even more valuable than it is now.

Such a program would need the most impartial, nonpolitical administration to make it work fairly and honestly. The program should probably be taken out of the Agriculture Department and placed in the hands of a nonpolitical farm regulatory agency as far above politics as is the Federal Reserve Board. For after the bribetakers and the agricultural racketeers have been exposed and punished, there will still be the problem of making sure that every farmer gets absolutely fair treatment in our vast agricultural-subsidy program.

To be sure, it may seem highly unlikely that either Congress or the administration would relinquish any of their powers in this realm to a nonpolitical agency. In spite of the Billie Sol Estes mess, there are still plenty of votes—not to mention campaign contributions—to be found in farm legislation and the administration of the laws Congress passes. But as long as politics plays such an important role in our farm programs, there will always be plenty of room for men like Billie Sol to maneuver.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Tree Where Man Was Born

Notes from travels in Equatoria

PETER MATTHIESSEN

The Nubian Desert, from the border of Egypt south to Khartoum, resembles a sea floor of past ages, broken by abrupt outcroppings of dark rock, like pyramids, and visited only by the wind—one imagines Dante wandering here. But in southern Sudan, one has a feeling of a land emerging. The tree beneath which man was born, according to the Nuer tribesmen, still stood until a few decades ago in the west part of their land. Theirs is a region of wild savanna on a great clay plain, encompassing that vast seasonal marshland called the Sudd, and the tree, perhaps, was a baobab, thrusting upward in its stumpy bulk out of the grassy ocean. The tribesmen of the savanna are tall and graceful, with fierce, scarified brows. These are the Nilotic peoples, riverine tribes of Negro-Hamitic stock, and one of the last great naked peoples left on earth.

One may see a few young tribesmen as far north as Khartoum. Stork-legged in mission shorts, they stalk the Arab bazaars of Omdurman. They dwarf the scurrying traders of the *suq*, the market place, and their terrible brows and filed front teeth give them a fixed death's-head grin. In fact, however, they smile infrequently, especially the Nuer. Most individuals are handsome nonetheless, and all are as small-faced and elegant as giraffes. They move with economy, as animals do, in a seeming trance.

To pass through the south of the Sudan, the foreigner must obtain a permit. The southern provinces—Upper Nile, Bahr el Ghazal, and Equatoria—are classed by the government as "closed territories," partly in consequence of their attempt, a few years ago, to secede from the Sudan and partly because of the Nilotic tribesmen, whose proud codes do not readily admit the existence of a force called government; the Nuer were subdued but thirty years ago, and to this day they adhere to an ancient custom of raiding and killing Dinka. Also, the new country's new government is embarrassed by the fact that these citizens still go naked—from a missionary's point of view, that is, for they are often superbly dressed or decorated on those parts of their anatomy about which missionaries do not concern themselves.

From Khartoum southward, there are three means of travel. There is an air service on certain days to Malakal and Juba. There is a Nile steamer every week, upstream from Kosti. And there is a thousand-odd miles of track, impassable in the rains. To see the Nilotic peoples and the wild animals still common in their country, one must choose this road, for the steamer wanders the wastes of papyrus in the Sudd and affords but brief glimpses, in certain seasons, of the tribesmen. From its decks, in relative comfort, one can see crocodiles and hippopotami, innumerable wading birds, and sometimes elephants, but little else.

Since no scheduled road transport is available, one travels by commercial truck, a few of which are sent south each week, during the dry season, by the Arab merchants of Omdurman. One contracts for the top of the truck, since the cab is ordinarily reserved for intimates of the driver, and the cargo is understood to be mattresses or at least soft flour sacks, perhaps covered over with straw. In the end, however, the cargo will be—or it was in my case—potatoes, wire tubing, tinware in cartons, and iron doors, and this bed of pain will be shared by hu-

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man beings in such numbers as to defy all laws, not only of safety and hygiene but of physics. In addition to the two white companions with whom I had cast my lot, there were sixteen Sudanese, Arabs as well as Dinka and Shilluk, and even two dour Nuer. We arranged ourselves as best we could, but it was impossible to find any position in which one was not in close physical contact with a minimum of five companions.

By the time the truck had cleared the city, night had fallen. A desert silence enclosed us, and stars emerged in tiny bursts across a blue-black sky. The vague track wandered southward, somehow haphazard, into a soft emptiness of cooling sand haired over thinly, here and there, by the bitter weeds of drought. In the headlights' jogging beams danced ghostly mice or gerbils, hopping and fluttering on tiptoe like stricken birds.

As the night passed, the road grew less and less distinct. Confusing tracks led off into the void; these had been made by vehicles seeking smoother going in the daytime. Once the truck halted, and the driver and his companions, all of them Moslems, got out their prayer rugs, washed their feet, and in the beam of the headlights touched their foreheads to the ground. Presumably they were pointed east, toward Mecca, but this did not appear to mean that they knew which way was south, for the truck soon halted again, having traveled for some time in rude circles. Despite what one reads of Bedouins and stars, the driver, Achmed, was now lost. In a moment, however, he leapt behind the wheel and set off at increased speed—toward Ethiopia, cross-country, by my private reckoning—and shortly thereafter resolved our problem once and for all by plunging the truck into some soft earth near an irrigation ditch, very nearly overturning it. A few minutes of listless spadework having effected nothing, it was agreed that the entire cargo would have to be unloaded. This project was put off until morning, now but four hours away, and everybody but the two shivering Americans, who had none, got out bedrolls or blankets and lay down on the sand.

When the truck was extricated next morning, we moved again toward the south. This was still Arab country, but as the day went on, the camels disappeared. The square huts of mud brick were gradually replaced by the African beehive hut, a cylinder of mud and sticks topped with straw thatch bound tight into a cone. The peaks of the cones, tilted at angles, gave the tiny settlements a toy aspect, incongruous in the harsh reality of the land. The sun had become fierce, and the bare land a great reflector: in silhouette, distant huts shimmered eerily on the mirage, like igneous lumps in the lava seas of a volcano. In midafternoon we reached the town of Kosti, at the southern terminus of the railroad. There we waited in the *suq* for the sun to sink. We ate a strange local shish kebab off doubtful ware, drank the black tea of the desert, and in the late twilight started off again, traveling onward intermittently until after midnight, when Achmed at last stopped to rest. The night was warmer, warm enough for the mosquitoes, but like its predecessor, it came to an end at last; during the night, hippos bellowed from the Nile, a distant sound, the first murmurings out of the heart of Africa.

THE DAWN disclosed a fresh new country, a veldt of long grass and low scrub broken here and there, close to the river, by woodland; this country continues erratically, with but slight variations, south through East Africa to the Transvaal and the Cape. The fauna, too, was of a type widespread on this continent—white-faced vervet monkeys, small gazelles and duikers, a solitary great ostrich, and the vivid smaller birds: doves, pigeons, hawks, guinea fowl, francolins, bee eaters, rollers, and hornbills. At the edge of a slough had congregated nearly two hundred crowned cranes, an exceptionally handsome species which sounds, in flight, uncommonly like the wild Canada goose.

Solitary tribesmen stood like sentries in the wind-bent grass. Each was armed with two or three murderous long spears, longer than himself, and carried a smooth tapered club and a water gourd. The spears, except in wartime, are largely decorative, while the club is employed in single combat within the tribe in order that no death take place. A violent death creates a blood feud between the two families that can only be paid off in cattle, and as these people prize and revere their cattle even more than do the Masai of East Africa, the price of taking another's life is far too high. The Nilotes are pastoral and hence nomadic, subsisting chiefly on milk and cheese, augmented by blood drawn from their animals' necks. They are poor hunters, which accounts in part for the abundance of wild creatures one can still see in their land. In the end, their dependence on cattle is almost total, bringing to mind the dependence of the Plains Indians on the bison. In addition to food (the meat is eaten rarely except when a beast dies or has been sacrificed), the herds furnish dung for fuel and plastering, hides for decorative leather articles, tail hairs for tassels, bones for armlets and utensils, horns for spoons and fishing spears, and scrota for pouches. The ashes of burnt dung supply hair dye and hair straightener—for the hair of the Nilotes is markedly longer than that of the Bantu peoples farther south—as well as mouthwash, and the urine is valued not only for tanning but for churning and cheese-making and for bathing the face and hands.

Intertribal wars are fought invariably over cattle and cattle land, the aggressors being the Nuer and the victims the Dinka. (Originally, God gave an old cow to Dinka and a calf to Nuer, Dinka and Nuer being his two sons, but Dinka came and stole the calf under cover of darkness. God, enraged, ordered Nuer to seize Dinka's cattle, and the Nuer have done so dutifully ever since.) The Nuer rarely attack the Shilluk, who, unlike the Nuer and Dinka, are politically centralized, a nation rather than a loose federation of tribal groups, rather poor in cattle and more dependent on agriculture.

The tribesmen's chief contact with the world beyond their savanna has been with Arab traders, from whom they obtain, in exchange for hides and oxen, spearheads almost identical to those used by the dervishes against the British in the late nineteenth century, as well as hoes, fishhooks, and ornaments. Both sexes are festooned with trading beads,

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most of them orange, as well as armlets, thongs, ankle bands, and remarkable headdresses. The men leaned on their spears, contemplating the truck and its disheveled contents, and the women seemed almost on an equal footing with them, quite unlike their Arab counterparts in the north. They were more cheerful than the men, giggling at us and displaying their exposure to civilization in the form of begging. The men, however, neither begged cigarettes nor reached for food.

TOWARD SUNSET, the golden grass turned to pale silver-buff, and in a strange light a cheetah slipped across the road in silhouette, its small head carried low. The plain changed gradually to grassy woodland—acacias, with fig, baobab, euphorbia, palms, and the primitive tree ferns. Vegetation crowded to the road, and just at dusk a band of bush pig, neat-footed and burly, lurched powerfully across the track, neck bristles erect as flags; one imagined them pinching holes right through the truck. The road edge glittered, later on, with eye reflections of small animals—jackals, hedgehogs, mongoose, and several smaller cats. Toward nine, rounding a bend, the truck surprised two lionesses in the road; two lions lay in the grass off to one side. These were the first wild lions I had seen, and they were stirring, turning their heads without haste to regard the lights, then disappearing with a heavy graceful bound into the grass, one to each side. I stared at the grass where they had gone, but it was still. (I have since seen many lions in the game parks and reserves of Kenya and Tanganyika, but park lions are little livelier than those in cages, and far from being wary, seem grateful for the shade of the tourist's lorry; one feels inclined to share with them one's box lunch.)

At noon on the sixth day out of Khartoum we entered Equatoria, the southernmost province of the Sudan. Though the Sudan is wholly within the tropics, it is not until one reaches Juba, the chief city of Equatoria, that a true sense of the tropics may be had. That night there came strange sweet smells on an air as soft as cotton; the yellow light and clatter of loud radios across the bare dirt yards of open-air cafés, the insect din, the mango trees in silhouette against the southern stars recalled all the tropics of the world. In the river, early in the morning, a few hippos rose and sank, and a tame ostrich stalked past mud puddles in the street. In Juba, lepers come and go like the brown kites, tattered and scavenging.

A FEW MILES down the White Nile from Nimule, on the Uganda border, a tract of land has been set aside for game. This is the only game reserve in the Sudan, and if the number and variety of animals to be seen in a small area is any criterion, it is one of the best in Africa. It is also one of the most beautiful, a natural park

cut off on three sides by mountains and a sharp bend in the river. The country is open, with gentle hills broken by groves and by romantic monuments of elephant-colored boulders, rising above a bright sparkling blue stretch of river. The river, with its vivid fringes of green reeds and its floating water hyacinths scudding before the breeze, lent a freshness to the air; here again, one gets a feeling of this land's emergence.

From the white road curving down out of Nimule's dry hills, the game reserve could be seen on the far bank. The sun, piercing the wind clouds early in the morning, struck a ridge golden from the dry season, and along this golden ridge, with the rest of the world in shadow, the elephants were moving. There were over a hundred of them, drifting slowly, and as they moved, the landscape itself seemed to stir.

We hurried to the river. A fish eagle gave its irremediable cry, and white-backed vultures tilted on the wind. At the bank there was a boat, and two askaris—black wardens in khaki shirts and shorts armed with heavy rifles—joined us. Both had rakish safari hats and long puttees, and they got out small bags of powder for gauging the direction of the wind. We moved inland, among the trees and boulders, one askari in the lead and the other bringing up the rear.

In the parks and game reserves of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, one is forbidden to leave the protection of the truck or car; one sees, but one scarcely hears or smells or *feels*. On foot, the experience of approaching large wild animals is quite different, for all the senses are alert, not to say on edge. Very shortly, there rose ponderously from a copse ahead a small herd of buffalo, with its coterie of cattle egrets rising and settling once again on the shivering dusty backs. The buffalo is a very big animal, and it is much given, like the rhinoceros, to unpredictable behavior of an aggressive nature. By many it is said to be the most aggressive animal in Africa, much more dangerous than the rhino, since the rhino is all but blind, and will thunder past its target and keep right on going until at some point in its course, having met with no obstacle and having forgotten what excited its animosity in the first place, it comes to a ponderous halt. The buffalo, on the other hand, is quick and diligent in its pursuit. This being the case, it seemed to me that we had come a little close—we were well under seventy-five yards when we first saw them—an opinion shared by the askaris, to judge from their expressions and the rapidity with which they cocked their rifles. The beasts took a few tentative steps forward. Nostrils elevated to scent the wind, they wore an aggrieved, lowering expression. There were no handy trees to climb, and I found myself wondering how to enter most promptly and least painfully one of several large thornbushes close at hand. But the buffalo panicked before I did, moving off very suddenly in a dark, rolling mass, the white birds wheeling above the dust.

To the south, on a rise overlooking the Albert Nile where it bends

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away into Uganda, a herd of large kob antelope moved gracefully, and the much smaller oribi, bright rufous with brief straight horns, scampered away ahead of us in twos and threes. Here and there a stately waterbuck, a gray roan animal of a size and demeanor approaching that of the North American wapiti, regarded us, alert.

Though the buffalo, waterbuck, and even the kob would be very large animals in any other part of the world, here they seemed almost peripheral, for off to the east of them the entire hillside surged with elephant, nearly two hundred now, including a few tuskers of truly enormous size. The trunks were uncoiling and the great ears sailing in a rhythmic languor of resigned motion, a languor shared only by the giraffe. One feels one could watch a herd of elephants for hours, as one watches a great fire or the sea.

Off to the north, on a hillock of their own, stood four rhino, one of them a calf. The askaris led us to them gradually, careful to stay downwind—not always easy, as the light wind was variable—and we passed quite close to a band of waterbuck does and fawns. The askaris, haughty with self-confidence, brought us to within stoning distance of the rhinos; they seemed astonished that we had not brought cameras but simply wished to see. The rhinos were of the rare "white" species, with an untipped snout: mud-crusted, with their double horn and plated look, they seemed closer akin to dinosaurs than to mammals, for their ugliness was protean. The cow and calf having moved off, and there were but two now, aware of something distasteful in their presence but unable to detect it. They moved suspiciously toward each other, stopping short at the last second as if to contemplate the risks of battle, then retreating simultaneously. Later, we saw two black rhinos in the distance. Their darker color is relative at best; both species are gray.

Back toward the river, a large herd of kob antelope, mostly does, was streaming down the hill. Moving toward them, we started a gray duiker, more like a huge rabbit than antelope in its low flight, for it seems to tuck its legs beneath it. A wart hog sow, with five hoglets, trotted briskly across our path, sun glinting on the manes and on the inelegant upraised tails; upon gaining our scent, they rushed away in consternation, though maintaining single file. Beyond the antelope the trees rose toward the dusty mountains, and beyond the hills hung the blue haze of Africa. For the first time in the journey to Equatoria, I became aware of flowers in profusion—a large violet-colored flower like a peony, a deep green plant carrying a flower of a delicate pastel orange, and an exotic white species with long-tipped petals. The myriad birds were here, stonechats and silver birds, cordon bleus and batis flycatchers, shrikes, kingfishers, and gaudy sunbirds; above these sailed the buzzard hawks and vultures, the harriers and falcons, the fish eagle and the inevitable brown kite of Africa and southern Asia, which had followed us all the way from the Mediterranean.

HERE in Equatoria, in the heart of Africa, where the Sudan stretched away fifteen hundred miles to the northward, with Ethiopia to the east, Kenya, Uganda, and the Congo to the south, and the new states of what was once French Equatorial Africa to the west, one caught a faint scent of what this continent had been when the animal multitudes were not confined to a few pockets but wandered everywhere, like the kites, from the deserts of Libya south to the Cape of Good Hope. The kite, with its affinity for man and carrion, will be the last creature to disappear.

A Rebel at Eighty

FRED GRUNFELD

IN HONOR OF Igor Stravinsky's eightieth birthday on June 17, Columbia has released new recordings in which he conducts, among others, the three works which made him famous fifty years ago and which everyone still knows best—*The Fire Bird*, *Petrouchka*, and *Le Sacre du Printemps*. Historically they mark the beginnning of a new era, the turning point from nice to noisy music, but all three are much more than milestones: they belong to that rare order of first experiments that are totally successful as well as significant, and they have lost none of their dark power to excite our auditory nerves. On their account Stravinsky has been acknowledged as one of the great culture heroes of our time—a position that has never been challenged, for no one composer and no single work of the last half century (including his own) has made a comparable impact on the musical world.

Although Stravinsky arrived on the scene not long after Brahms and Tchaikovsky had taken their final bows, change was already in the air and his three new ballets had little trouble being recognized as masterpieces. Even the famous riot at the première of *Sacre* in 1913 had café-social, rather than musical, causes. ("We could hear nothing," testified Gertrude Stein in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, "as a matter of fact I never did hear any of the music of the *Sacre du Printemps* because it was the only time I ever saw it and one literally could not, throughout the whole performance, hear the sound of music.") Time, Stravinsky's friends assured him afterwards, would do its work.

THEY were not entirely right. Stravinsky at eighty is further removed from his public than at thirty, and the things he wrote as a young hotblood were better understood, initially, than the works he composes now as a *maître sans pareil*. Time has not altered the fact that he moves forward while his audience stands still. Time has not increased the demand for *Les Noces* or *Persephone*, has not served to make the *Duo Concertant* or *Renard* more popular, nor did it bring in ticket buyers in sufficient numbers to keep the Metropolitan Opera from closing down *The Rake's Progress* from sheer lack of interest. For the average listener, latter-day Stravinsky is

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music that goes in one ear and comes out on records that are rarely bought. On the other hand they are always discussed at great length by critics who are impressed and astonished, although, if the truth be known, they secretly prefer *The Fire Bird.*

The three great popular ballets are as profoundly and elementally Russian as anything by Borodin or Moussorgsky; that in itself was warrant for their welcome. Stravinsky had inherited his instinct for folklore from his father, a St. Petersburg opera star who sang leading roles in all the folk operas, and then developed it further in studies with Rimsky-Korsakov, the last of the "Mighty Five" who created the Russian nationalist school. That Rimsky's *Coq d'Or* and *L'Oiseau de Feu* are really birds of a feather was recognized even by the twenty-year-old Prokofiev when Stravinsky, who was nine years older, first played parts of *The Fire Bird* for him. There was no music in it, Prokofiev insisted, "but if there is any it comes from Rimsky-Korsakov."

At all events the ballet ensured the success of Serge Diaghileff, the first and most gifted of the package producers, who brought to Paris that brilliant, bickering caravan of talents billed as the Ballets Russes--among them Pavlova, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Schaliapin, and Fokine. Abetted by the French aristocracy, Diaghileff gave them five unforgettable seasons of Russian ballet before the First World War scattered his company. Stravinsky spent the war years on the Swiss side of Lake Geneva, working on Russian peasant subjects that were translated into French by C. F. Ramuz, the Swiss master of literary understatement.

WHEN word came of the March Revolution, Stravinsky fired Ramuz with visions of the new nation to which he hoped to return, "the Russia of Pushkin, Gogol, Moussorgsky, even of Tolstoy, of *The Diary of a Writer,* the holy Russia of all true believers—Russia as it was before Peter the Great, before it was Europeanized, which would now have to move back in history so as to press forward all the more boldly . . ."

But it was Lenin who left Switzerland at that crucial moment, as Ramuz muses sadly in his memoirs. "We observed his departure in a sealed train from close at hand; yet Stravinsky never returned to Russia and perhaps he never will." Instead he became the first of the tragic expatriates who symbolize the dilemma of art in a political century: the designer of "The Tauromachy" who could not go to a bullfight, the author of *Buddenbrooks* who could not write a letter home, the composer of *Petrouchka* who could not attend a country fair in Kiev.

In the postwar years, Diaghilev's reassembled company became Europeanized far beyond any of the precedents established by Peter the Great. As the Ballets Russes without a country they kept their Russian choreography, but most of the productions took on a modern, angular, and rather frivolous look. Stravinsky responded to the new tropism by producing *Pulcinella,* a lissome masterpiece in the baroque Italian style. The ballet is based on half-forgotten eighteenth-century themes by Pergolesi. In his arrangement of Pergolesi's long-curving arias and elegant sonata movements, Stravinsky cheerfully tampered with the original harmonies, juggling the bass notes and grafting on material of his own that gives the whole score an undertone of wicked comedy.

WITH this delightful music he took leave of a public clamoring for more *Petrouchkas* and set off in the direction of neo-classicism. Some critics feel that this has meant forty years of wandering in an academic desert, but I think it could be better compared to a long and fruitful ramble through a musical museum—perhaps one of Malraux's museums without walls. In the course of his promenade Stravinsky paused often to pay tribute to the main exhibitors. At first it was Bach whose inflections could be heard in the *Octet* and several other serenade-like pieces of the 1920's. Handel's oratorios served as model for *Oedipus Rex; Le Baiser de la Fée* is based on Tchaikovsky;

The Astronaut

(for N.M.)

In the small towns of northeast Kentucky
day fails again; the dusty evening light wrestles up
through sumac and dogwood to the smouldering hillcrests,
shadows flow and fill the floorcracks like water—

that was how it was. Almost immortal here, almost a god,
he remembers those evenings; being beyond the moon's sphere
nothing changes now. His steel-chromium-plastic-alloy
bubble surrounds him entirely (he is its Intelligence

and plugged into it by a billion wires), as moonwise he
falls insistently to earth, like the swung waterbucket
unspilled. Seasons flicker and blur on the tiny planet.
Days and nights fuse. He thinks of northeast Kentucky

as another country, disjunct somehow from that shuttle
of tints on a hung bauble—as Joliet folks, when the lights
dim and brighten, believe it rather something in their eyes
or heads or wiring or fusebox or social life than their universe.

And so he becomes a god; he can feel divinity stir in spine
and cortex, amalgamated and apotheosized in copper and steel
and the rest. His mind strolls through the almost eternal hills
of northeast Kentucky and sees its handiwork and finds it good.

—TIM REYNOLDS

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the *Capriccio* suggests a *Konzertstück* by Weber; Papa Haydn stood godfather to the *Symphony in C,* just as Beethoven gave aid and comfort to the Symphony in Three Movements; a superb Mass for voices and winds reaches back to the Middle Ages; *The Rake's Progress* takes its cue from Mozart's *Don Giovanni.*

To move back in history so as to press forward all the more boldly was the essence of Stravinsky's neoclassicism. Moved by the sort of impulse that causes poets to rewrite the Greek myths, he seemed bent on solving, or re-solving, most of the problems that had occupied his forerunners since the beginnings of polyphony. But the results of his stylistic excursions were always unmistakably Stravinskian: supple and muscular in their rhythm, rigorous in their form, double-edged in their harmony. His sweet and sour dissonances were deceptive, for they arose out of an old-fashioned system of key relationships that even Bach might have approved of; to generate harmonic friction, Stravinsky simply piled one traditional chord atop another. For thirty years, students of theory and composition regarded him as the chief defender of the orthodox faith in matters of harmony, putting him in direct opposition to Arnold Schönberg and the twelve-tone school, who advocated the abolition of conventional tonality. Schönberg's theory, briefly, holds that the repetition of the predominant notes of a scale pulls the ear toward certain centers of tonal gravity that modern composers ought to avoid. This drag effect can be overcome only if no note in the scale is repeated until all twelve tones of the scale have been sounded, in some chosen series, either in the melody or the harmony. With this "serial" technique the twelve-toners achieve an aural equivalent of weightlessness.

For years there was bitter rivalry between the Schönberg and the Stravinsky factions at modern music festivals and at the sort of private concerts where all the members of the audience look like violinists. Then, to everyone's amazement, Stravinsky himself began writing serial music. After the first tentative experiments ten years ago he produced a series of magnificent constructions that are made of sterner and more rhythmic stuff than most of the atonalists have written. One is the *Canticum Sacrum* in honor of St. Mark, a score that celebrates the union of East and West as embodied in the domed architecture of the San Marco cathedral in Venice. Another presents a moving memorial to Dylan Thomas, who was to have written an opera with Stravinsky. In a third the lamentations of Jeremiah are transformed into a Byzantine mosaic of sound.

FIVE YEARS AGO, on his seventy-fifth birthday, Stravinsky gave his old friends at the ballet a new and fascinating present named *Agon.* With its twelve dancers and its twelve-tone series, *Agon* is as pure and fierce a ballet as he has ever composed. A full symphony orchestra sits in the pit, but the instruments play together only in small "chamber" combinations that growl, rattle, and scream in the most elegant of dissonnances. The dance rhythms, as taut as a drumhead, derive from the French Renaissance. Like most of Stravinsky's latest music, *Agon* first irritates, then stupefies, and finally captivates any listener with sufficient patience, and its complexities are so formidable that the composer's own recording contains a noticeable error. (He has never been the most effective interpreter of his music, as conductors go, but since he is the first major composer to put himself on record in this fashion, his disks have enormous value as historical documents.)

This year's birthday brings with it the première, on television, of *Noah and the Flood,* again with choreography by the indispensable George Balanchine. They have worked together since the days of Diaghileff, and Balanchine's ballet of pure movement is the perfect counterweight to Stravinsky's music of pure sound. Whether the public will develop an eye for the one or an ear for the other remains in doubt, but it is certain that Stravinsky will always choose the path of maximum resistance, whatever he may have learned by now about the public's inability to keep up.

And now, after his eightieth birthday, he intends to make the most difficult journey of his much-traveled career; after nearly half a century, and with much trepidation, he will visit Russia. There he is to conduct both the early masterpieces that are also best known to Soviet audiences and some of the products of his bourgeois years, when the party's critics called him "a musical bank director." There will be moments of high drama in that encounter, but when Stravinsky writes about it in the next installment of his memoirs, the description will surely be orderly, dispassionate, and—like his music—thoroughly aristocratic.

Three Strikes and Art

JAY JACOBS

WHEN an art exhibition was held in Madison Square Garden about three years ago, one might have seen the handwriting, along with the pictures, on the wall. Put a few thousand oils, gouaches, and lithographs in a major sports arena, and the least you can expect in return is a tasteful display of shin guards, hockey sticks, and resin bags in a major art museum. After an unconscionable delay, the Museum of Modern Art is finally showing, in addition to its Picassos, Matisses, Mondrians, and Klees, a small but select group of Musials, Marises, Ben Hogans, and Tommy Armours, in an exhibition called "Design for Sport."

It has often been claimed (and occasionally complained) that the Museum of Modern Art has turned itself into a sort of mother church heading up a relatively new religion called Taste; and there has been no little disagreement in some quarters over whether tastemaking is a proper function of a museum at all. My own theory about the museum is that it has more often concerned itself with the sanctification of existing tastes than with the creation of new

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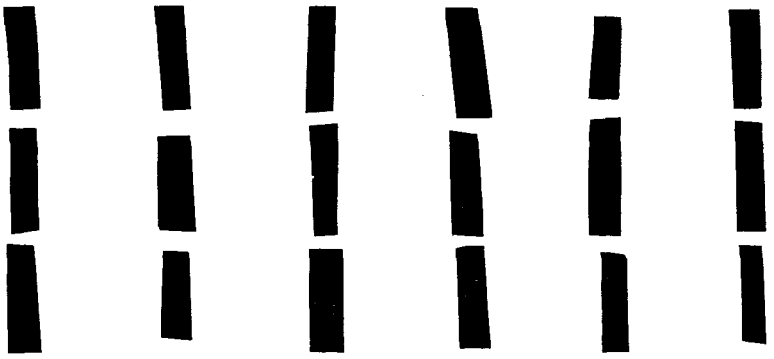

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ones; that when enough of the right people get interested in anything—from the packaging of antibiotics to the architectonics of Marlene Dietrich—the museum steps in, dispenses a general benediction, and lets the interested parties know that it's O.K. for them to like what they like because it's Art.

In any case, we now have museum-goers standing in rapt and presumably uplifting contemplation before such artifacts as mashies, Indian clubs, and punching bags, and it may not be long before Abercrombie & Fitch supersedes the museum itself as a more comprehensive repository of these nobler fruits of the modern creative intellect. (Some years ago, the former New York Yankee catcher Bill Dickey wryly referred to his mitt, mask, chest protector, and shin guards as "the tools of ignorance"—a remark that may win him an unenviable niche in the history of the new art as the most egregious Philistine on record.)

About the only thing the new medium seems to lack is a body of literature comparable to those that have accumulated around some of the earlier accredited art forms. As we all know, any art that is an art cannot long endure without its critical interpreters, riding along like pilot fish, to let both the artist and his public know what he's been up to. The day, for example, probably isn't far off when some of the suaver men about town will invite new female acquaintances up to look over their collections of sweat socks; and it would be most convenient for the layman to have a few parrotable insights into the aesthetics of these significant works handy, should the evening get so far out of control as to warrant further conversation.

Unfortunately, the single formal attempt at a stylistic evaluation of athletic gear that I've seen—the brochure accompanying the exhibition itself—raises at least one more question than it answers. Arthur Drexler, the director of the museum's architecture and design department, writes: "We think of an object as being well designed . . . when the object does actually function well . . ." On the face of it, this dictum sounds simple enough, but I've been having the devil's own time in trying to apply it to a hypothetical boxing match between Kid Lavigan (who couldn't punch his way out of your maiden aunt's high tea) and Tiger Framboise (who has belted sixteen consecutive aggressors stiff as a convocation of Grant Wood portraits)—both of whom wear identical models of the Everlast eight-ounce glove.

THE ONCE seemingly unbridgeable gap between athletics and aesthetics has, of course, narrowed considerably in the last few years. For a society suddenly (and a bit guiltily) addicted to Culture but still unwilling, under its thin veneer of intellectual sophistication, to give up its less cultural—or anti-cultural—interests, the easiest way out of the dilemma is simply to elevate its more vulgar pastimes to a plateau of acceptability by calling them—and treating them as though they were—arts. Thus, we may continue to wallow in hillbilly music as long as its few articulate apologists continue to accord it the same courtesies that Mr. Eliot reserves for the Elizabethan poets (it may not sound like art when we *hear* it, but it certainly does when Nat Hentoff *writes* about it); we may continue to have our comic strips as long as they are lacquered with the currently chic random references that nowadays pass for trenchancy of observation; we may continue to hot-rod all over the landscape as long as we cultivate an impressive verbal mystique that makes of reckless driving something akin to the broodings of an El Greco; we may still play with toys—if they are expensive enough, or "designed" to the point where they become quasi-art objects (and, if the chartreuse ceramic hedgehog from Sweden isn't quite as huggable as the stuffed panda from Coney Island used to be, well, neither is the girl who owns one); and we can continue to sling footballs around at the age of forty-five because footballs are cultural now, too, and so is Casals, who will be dropping around after the game, and this is the age of art by association.

The trouble with this spurious elevation of juvenile tastes to the level of the arts is, of course, its concomitant: the descent of the genuine arts to the level of our tastes; the degeneration of style to fashion.

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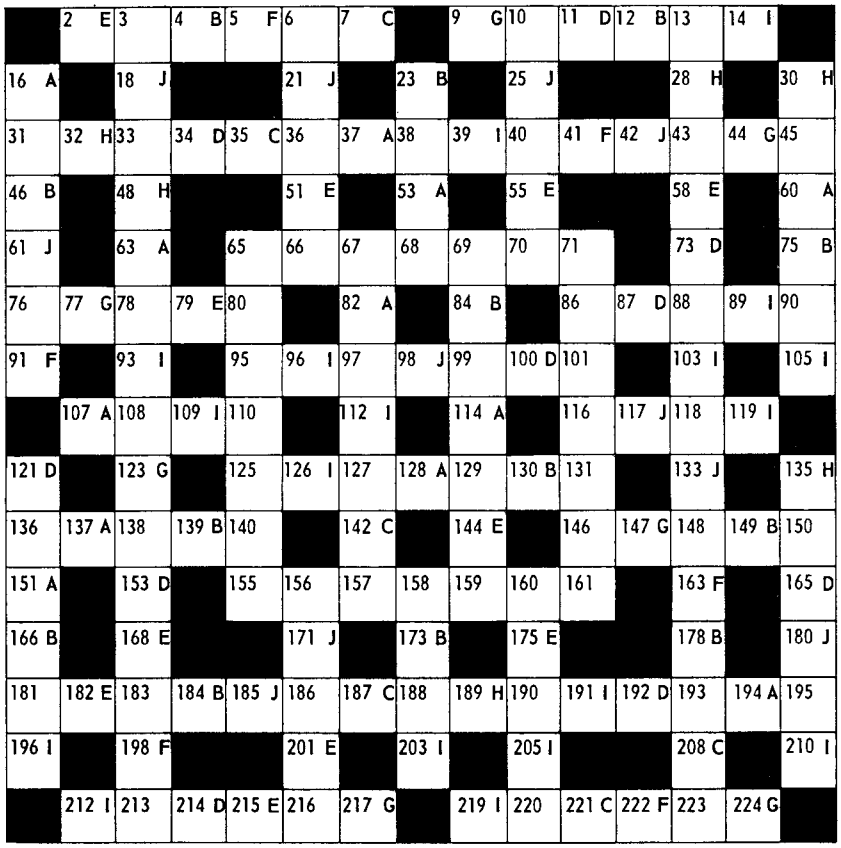
THE REPORTER Acrostickler No. 57

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 107 128 37 82 63 151 194 16 53 114 137 60
A metropolis in the Transvaal.

B. 75 46 166 130 149 139 184 12 173 4
84 23 178
To train in the customs and practices of the Western world.

C. 7 221 35 142 187 208
"So pass I _____, hall, and grange." Tennyson, "Sir Galahad."

D. 11 34 214 87 153 165 100 192 121 73
Black magic.

E. 2 51 58 201 79 182 215 175 55 144 168
With "The," the title of a successful play by Enid Bagnold (5,6).

F. 5 41 198 91 222 163
"Young men are fitter to_____than to judge." Francis Bacon, "Of Youth and Age."

G. 44 217 224 77 147 123 9
Divides into groups.

H. 32 48 135 30 28 189
A gang fight (slang).

I. 103 119 112 203 105 14 126 93 109 191
196 205 219 89 39 96 212 210
A major translation of the Acrostician (6, 6,6).

J. 21 18 133 98 42 180 117 171 185 61 25
Animates or strengthens.

Across

2. A chap about fifty one who is head man of Islam.
9. Spanish saints get a tan on shipboard.
31. Men greet any wish that includes a late great American author (6,9).
65. He takes for granted for he is a total ass with a point.
76. Slips or cuts off.
86. This is Nora's crime, undoubtedly.
95. A professor and students form this study group and it remains.
107. An island in the Far East? German? Yes, Virginia.
116. Another region in the Far East.
125. I do it to one less than a hundred, but it's senseless just the same.
136. An Arabian gazelle is caught in the tempest.
146. You can hold a rod with ease, but it will wear away.
155. Apparently one walks all over an in-law.
181. Gentlemen, a rider needs a modest jog for his memory (1, 6,8).
212. Rots? You cad! Yes!
219. Don't cry, son. It's not mine but my pal's.

Down

3. A Venetian Nuncio celebrates March 24 every year (12,3).
6. These are the hearts of the matter. Play this softly.
10. This stage direction describes a cut of beef; apparently one with ideas.
13. Does Davey waste on Dolly this favorite complimentary close? (6,9).
16. Take the Hebrew mart away from December's weather or withdraw it altogether.
23. In size but small, but still a sacred cow sometimes.
30. Gybe on past and let it be.
65. Apparently the donkey is sick of attacks.
67. It means an inhabitant of ancient Italy.
69. Sun time is used in the secretary's notes.
71. A crane's changed to a Mussulman.
121. This dance has a tinny sound.
135. The power of recall is really more my fault.
156. Add up the score if you please.
158. The trap was sprung, but that's not all.
160. The abalone of Guernsey found in the Thames or Mersey.

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BOOKS

The Djilas Riddle

ADAM ULAM

CONVERSATIONS WITH STALIN, by Milovan Djilas. Translated by Michael B. Petrovich. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.*

At the time of his first imprisonment by the régime of which he had been a leading figure, Milovan Djilas, then only in his middle forties, had already lived three different political lives. The first one was that of a fanatical Communist whose intense patriotism formed no barrier to his worship of the Soviet Union and love (the word is frankly used in this book) of Joseph Stalin. The Soviet-Yugoslav conflict of 1948 transformed Djilas into a truly national leader. It fell to him, then the head of his party's propaganda department, to undertake the re-education of the masses of the Yugoslav Communists. In his speeches and articles Djilas, at first confusedly as if awakening from a dream, then with mounting passion and logic, denounced Stalinism as a betrayal of the precepts of Lenin and spoke the brutal truth about Soviet imperialism. To many Yugoslav Communists, especially those of the younger generation, Djilas in the years 1948-1952 acquired stature second only to Tito's; his puzzlement and then his anger at the Soviet betrayal and duplicity fitted in with their own feelings.

In 1953 Djilas entered upon the third stage of his political development. A series of articles criticizing the mores of Yugoslavia's new ruling class led in 1954 first to his censure and then to his expulsion from the central committee. A recantation, or at least silence, still would have meant an eventual return to a position of influence and comfort. But Djilas's views hardened into complete distaste for any and all dictatorial and one-party régimes and he turned in his party card. Whether his actions during the past eight years can be explained by a masochistic need for atonement or an irrepressible desire to speak out, this time for democracy, Djilas certainly seems to have courted persecution and jail. He was released in January, 1961, but the news of the projected publication of *Conversations with Stalin* brought his arrest in April of this year.

Conversations with Stalin does not add much to our knowledge of the history of postwar Europe. Still, it is an engrossing little book because of the light it throws on the mentality of Stalin and his entourage, and of the insight it affords of Djilas's tortured evolution from a fanatical Communist to an enemy of all dogmatisms and all rationalizations of oppression. The book goes far in explaining the apparent mystery of why Djilas, then one of the most powerful men in Yugoslavia, should by his own choice in 1953 have entered upon the road of protest and isolation, and broken with the people to whom he was linked not only by political but also by the most intimate emotional ties.

THE EXPLANATION goes back to the first meetings the young idealistic Yugoslav Communist, fresh from the battlefields of his country, had with Stalin and his satraps in 1944. The chapter devoted to them is entitled "Raptures," and today's Djilas tries in vain to evoke the full excitement of first touching Soviet soil, and of the first meetings with the man who to him and millions of others personified Communism. But even the first rapturous meeting left seeds of apprehension. The young Yugoslav, accustomed to the puritanical habits of his partisans, witnessed the scenes of gluttony and drunkenness that took place at Stalin's banquets. The ever-present servility and weary cynicism that prevailed in the despot's entourage could not but form an unpleasant contrast to the comradely feeling and idealistic exhilaration of Tito's headquarters.

An orthodox Communist might characterize Djilas, and he would be partly right, by saying that Djilas has never outgrown his class origins. Emerging from the narrative is the impression of a fastidious and sensitive intellectual who for all his loyalty and love for Stalin and the Fatherland of Socialism could not help being shocked by the vulgarity and grossness of the leaders of Soviet Communism. As the years went by and Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union began to have political differences, this distaste hardened almost into an obsession. Of his last encounter with the Soviet oligarchy in January, 1948, when the dispute was already on the point of breaking out, Djilas leaves a vivid description of his dinner at Stalin's. It must have secretly amused Djilas's Russian dinner companions to reflect that with others of Tito's entourage their Yugoslav guest would before too long face political disgrace if not indeed a purge trial. To Djilas his erstwhile idol was now a vain and disgusting old man. Stalin took delight in gross anti-Semitic remarks and in leading his guests through inane drinking games. His henchmen bravely seconded their chief's vulgarity; Zhdanov in boasting of the humiliations he had imposed upon the Soviet artists and writers, Beria with his obscene jokes.

It becomes clearer, then, why in 1953 Djilas entered upon the road of defiance, this time of his party and its leader. He began to perceive in Yugoslavia's ruling class the symptoms of the same caste feeling, self-indulgence, and vulgarity that years before had led to his revulsion against Stalinism.

Historical events are seen through the prism of Djilas's subsequent disillusionment and reflection. Though it is notoriously difficult for an ex-Communist to render accurately his recollections of the period when he had the faith, the author tries scrupulously to give an account of the past. Yet some events still appear as if in a haze of his previous ideological incarnations.

Take the references to Yugoslavia's foreign policy between 1944 and 1948. What emerges though in a blurred fashion is a confirmation of the fact that following the example of the Soviet Union, Communist Yugoslavia developed a voracious, if naturally more localized, imperialism of its own. Tito and his lieutenants,

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though they had problems aplenty in their own country, busied themselves with plans for the absorption of Albania. Later on the same fate, under the euphemism of the Balkan Federation, was to await Bulgaria. Djilas asserts that his own view in these matters was idealistic; *he* wanted an equal union of the Balkan peoples. But it is doubtful that he can, even with the most honest intentions, reproduce faithfully his frame of mind of this period.

UNDOUBTEDLY it is the story of Yugoslavia's expansionist ambitions in the postwar years that has caused this book to be proscribed and its author sentenced to nine years in jail. For Djilas recalls the callous pressures applied by Yugoslav policymakers upon the Albanian Communists, pressures of the kind which they themselves had to endure a year or two later from the Soviet leaders. A leading Albanian Communist, an opponent of Yugoslav expansion, is disgraced and constrained to kill himself (Stalin's reported reaction to this was, "This is very inconvenient, very inconvenient"). A prominent Bulgarian Communist, Traicho Kostov, incurred Yugoslav hostility for resisting the plan for the Balkan Federation. Even *after* Tito's break with the Soviet Union, when Kostov was being tried, this time for his intransigence toward the Russians, the Yugoslav official circles and the press continued to vilify the veteran Communist whose main sin was his belief in his country's independence. Kostov, whose back had been broken under torture by the police during the fascist régime in his country, who had the courage to repudiate his written "confession" in open court under the Communist régime, went to his grave saluted by both the Bulgarian and Yugoslav press as a wartime traitor and collaborator of the Nazis.

Djilas's book reinforces the impression about Stalinism conveyed by the revelations made at the Soviet 20th Party Congress. It is clearer now that even the most sensitive western attempts to depict the horrors and to find a rationale for the purges and terror fall wide of the mark. The excesses of Stalinism were not merely an exercise of cruelty and inhumanity at the service of a great social or political purpose; they were the product of wanton criminality. In Stalin and his entourage we see not Dostoyevsky's Great Inquisitor sacrificing the happiness of a generation for his dream of the historical purpose of mankind, but disgusting, bestial characters.

Djilas is now too perceptive to criticize Communist totalitarianism merely for its excesses. It is the system itself that is at fault, the system that even in its milder and nonterroristic form, as in Khrushchev's Russia or Tito's Yugoslavia, is a defiance of human freedom and dignity. Writing of the Communist Party, and by implication not only in the Soviet Union, Djilas says: "And as long as that Party fails to break, both in its theory and especially in its practice, with everything that comprised the very originality and essence of Stalin and of Stalinism, namely, with the ideological unitarianism and so-called monolithic structure of the Party, it will be a bad but reliable sign that it has not emerged from under Stalin's shadow."

Djilas is still puzzled as to how a man like Stalin could have led a great state and a great nation for more than a generation. One might equally well ask why a man as sensitive, courageous, and talented as Djilas should have gone through so much and for so long before discovering that no cause and no social injustice can justify the oppressions of Communism. «»

Bird Lives!

NAT HENTOFF

BIRD: THE LEGEND OF CHARLIE PARKER, by Robert George Reisner. *Citadel Press. $4.95.*

Charles Parker, known as "Bird" to the jazz faithful, was the most commanding single figure in the explosive arrival of modern jazz during the 1940's. The harmonic and rhythmic extensions of the jazz language that Parker proclaimed on his alto saxophone were quickly emulated on all instruments. But Parker was also the most picaresque of all the stricken jazz heroes who have appealed to the feverish romanticism that pervades most of the initiated, players as well as rapt listeners.

A man of enormous appetites, Parker was insatiably self-indulgent. He died in 1955 at the age of thirty-four, the victim not, as his worshipers claimed, of an uncomprehending society but of his own zeal for self-destruction. Even while he was alive, Parker was regarded as a kind of magical being. Because he used narcotics, a number of young jazzmen in the mid-1940's "turned on." Because his suits were often rumpled, some of his disciples took to wearing uncreased clothes as a badge of hipness. After he died, the Parker cult grew. "Bird Lives!" was scrawled on subway posters, and some musicians claimed to feel his palpable presence on nights when everything was swinging.

MUCH of what has been written about him resembles the usual jazz hagiology in being sentimentally one-dimensional. A remarkably revealing exception is this new anthology of commentaries collected by Robert Reisner, a veteran observer of and occasional participant in the jazz rites, who has assembled a mosaic of impressions and interpretations of Parker by interviewing eighty-two musicians, childhood friends, entrepreneurs, and associates from a wide variety of milieux. Each is allowed to speak in his own idiom, and Mr. Reisner stays in the wings except to introduce each new speaker in turn. The result is a fascinating extension of *The Ring and the Book* principle of character analysis.

A multidimensional portrait of Parker and his many contradictions emerges; and through Parker's odyssey, the often savage reality of the jazz life is revealed in more matter-of-fact detail than has ever appeared before in book form. By telling about their relationships with Parker, Mr. Reisner's informants also animate the alternating generosity and grimly defensive rivalry that exists among jazzmen against the background of the way many of them must live in order to survive. As the pianist Lennie Tristano says: "It is a grueling profession. The world is seen as a bar after a while. The hours, the dulling, deadening surroundings, the

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competition, hassles, the drinking which either produces maudlin moods or aggressiveness of an ugly sort."

As in a bar, the atmosphere is as casual, and the gestures of friendship often promiscuous and pathetic. "Perfect strangers," reports Harvey Cropper, a painter and a friend of Parker, "came up to him and offered him dope, but they did not do it out of any love for him. They were trying to get into a relationship, they wanted to brag, to say they got high with Bird. They thought it might rub off." Toward the end of his life, Parker became increasingly aware of the motley nature of his audience. Sick in a Chicago club, he resisted the attempts of a friend to get him onto the bandstand. The man pointed out how many people would be disappointed if Parker didn't play, but Parker snapped, "They just came to see the world's most famous junky."

IN ADDITION to the frustrations and rages of Parker's life, the book focuses on the pride and pleasure he drew from his musical accomplishments and the enormous effect the passionate imagination of his playing had on other musicians. As one colleague put it: "My feeling about Bird, if you want to put it into a sentence, was he was a cat that hung everybody up." Most of the musicians who came under his spell agree. But they would also agree with another long-suffering intimate: "I thought of how many bills I had to pay in hotels for quilts and rugs that he burned, because he'd fall asleep with a cigarette in his fingers. I thought of the near escapes with the police and how he once had the nerve to toss me a syringe and tell me to get rid of it. I thought of all the I.O.U.'s that I had of his, enough to paper my house with. I thought of all those things, and if he were alive, I'd work with him again if he'd ask me."

To instill this degree of loyalty among those who knew the man, not the legend, required a personality unparalleled in jazz history. Parker, like the jazz world in which he lived, was a strangely compelling mixture of innocence and deceit, tenderness and cruelty, brilliance and waste.

Getting It All Down

JAMES T. McCARTIN

THE BIG LAUGH, by John O'Hara. *Random House. $4.95.*

John O'Hara is a highly successful novelist whose best works are short stories. His remarkable gift for dialogue, for the pertinent, suggestive fact, and the short, tense scene is best used in the short story, where the incident can suggest the life, and this same gift gives life to the best scenes in his novels. But O'Hara knows that a novel should show the development of its characters, their growth, the nature of the change that takes place in their lives, and to compensate for his failure to create an organic structure for his novels, he fills them with chronicles of families, histories of counties, and essays on manners. It is possible to skip large sections of his novels, or to dip into them at random, without feeling that you have missed anything significant, because the novels are brilliant segments bound by extraneous material. We do not remember his characters as they were and as they became, but at certain dramatic moments and in certain intense scenes. The bigger an O'Hara novel, the more it reveals his limitations. To the extent that *The Big Laugh* is short, it may be said to be an improvement over his most recent works.

It could be subtitled "The Story of a Heel." The hero, Hubert Ward, is a man who "went on the stage because there was nothing else for him to do," who becomes a movie star because he is ruthless and self-centered, and who at the end of the novel remains a star because he is willing to sacrifice himself and everyone else to keep his money and his position. In most of O'Hara's novels it is difficult to understand why he felt it necessary to include so much to make so small a point. In *The Big Laugh* it is difficult to know what point he is trying to make. Hubert Ward is no worse than any other character in the novel, and the movie

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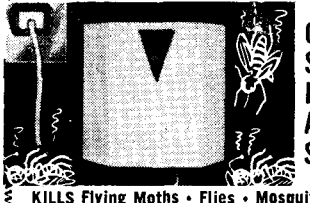

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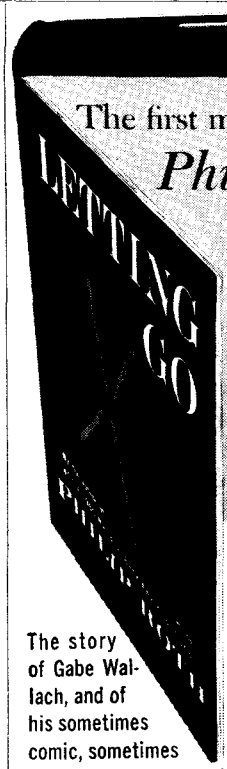

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world no worse than other worlds we see glimpses of. Success does not bring him happiness, but there is not the slightest indication that anything would have brought him happiness, or that the lives of any of the characters would have been greatly different had he not entered into them. He is believable but one-dimensional, like the ruthless, self-centered bosses our friends have, who differ from our own ruthless, self-centered boss because we have never seen them in the flesh.

WHAT IS impressive in O'Hara is the sense of factual reality he creates; what is lacking is the large world that encompasses those facts. Perhaps everyone is as immoral as he seems to think, but it is not true that everyone is so matter-of-factly immoral as his characters are. Even the most immoral people sometimes suffer from doubt, guilt, ambivalence, or even pride in their immorality. But O'Hara writes as if such emotions do not exist. We know what his characters do and say, but never how they felt about what they have done or why they have done it. He uses dialogue as a compulsive speaker uses words, to conceal a void, and when he cannot use dialogue to describe a crucial scene, he has the scene occur outside the narrative.

To readers of Hollywood novels like *What Makes Sammy Run?* and *The Deer Park*, the characters will seem familiar. To readers of O'Hara, the book crystallizes what is implicit in all his work, a vision of life as bleak and meaningless, relieved only by the transitory pleasure of sex. It is a world where the family is a biological accident, where the sole concern over children is getting them into a good prep school and college, where companionship represents social exclusiveness. Love is not possible. Fidelity does not exist. Money has the sole value of multiplying useless possessions.

In his foreword to *Sermons and Soda Water* O'Hara says, "I want to get it all down on paper while I can." If he were less concerned with getting it "all" down and more concerned with understanding and explaining "it," he might not be able to produce a book each year, but he might produce better books.

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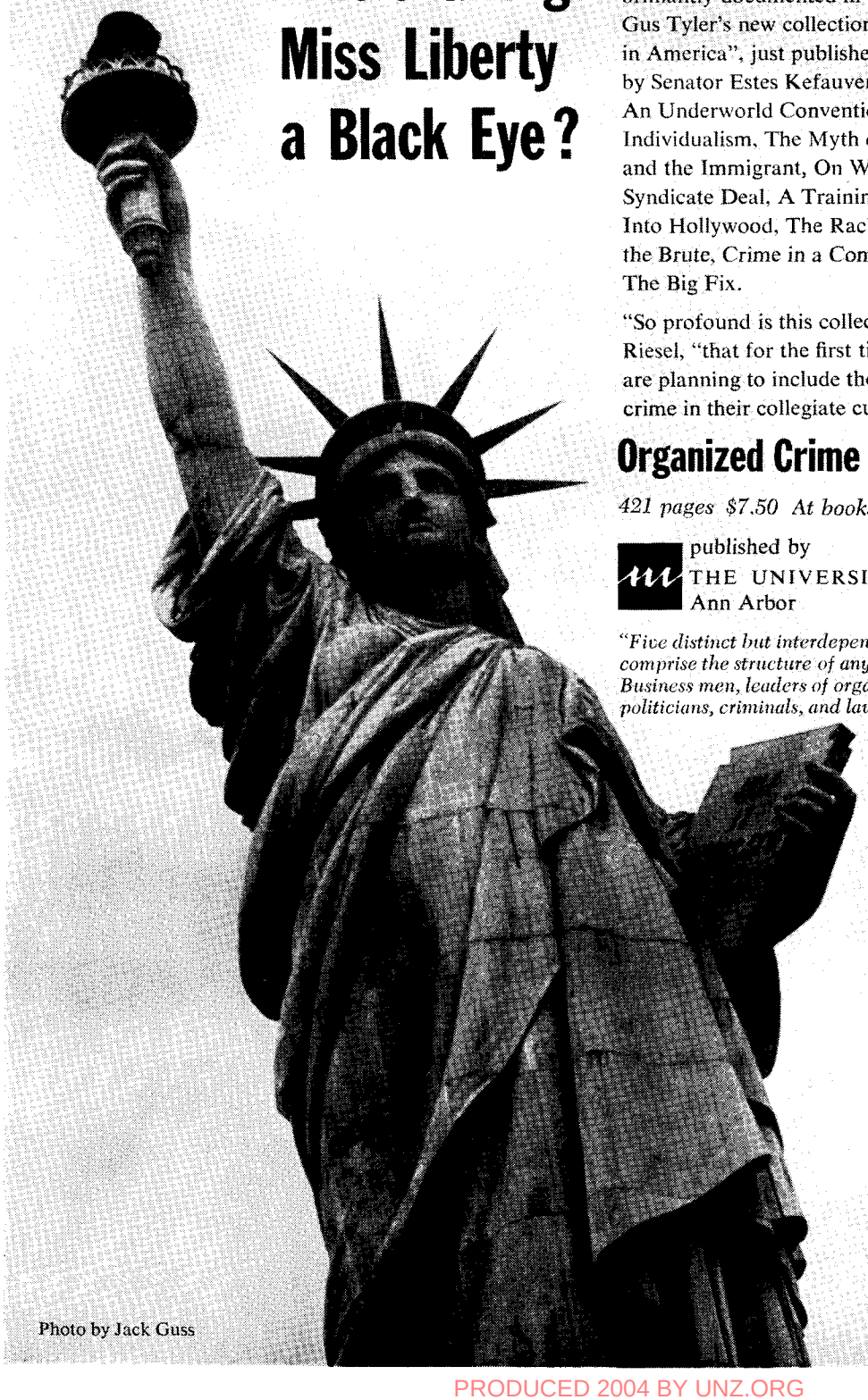
Who's Giving Miss Liberty a Black Eye?



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